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WORKS  
OR  
AKACRON,  
WHO, AND MUSIUS.

BY THE FRENCH AUTHOR,

TRANSLATED BY S. M. T.

1777 (1781)

EDITED BY WILLIAM STANFORD HOWLAND,  
GLENFIELD,

WITH A HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR, AND A HISTORY OF THE  
LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD, BY J. R. GREEN, AND  
PROBABLY BY J. R. GREEN, AND A. H. SMITH, EDINBURGH.

(B. 1.)



Published by Stanley, Chapman & Co. London  
Oct 30 1890

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# WORKS

OF

ANACREON,

SAPPHO, AND MUSÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,  
*Goswell Street*;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND HUTCHINGS, STA-  
TIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND  
HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET  
STREET.

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1810.



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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
ANACREON.



THE  
LIFE  
OF  
ANACREON.

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ANACREON was born at Teos, a sea-port town of Ionia. Who were his parents is uncertain ; though it is conjectured, from good authority, that his family was noble<sup>1</sup>. The time of his birth, according to Barnes, was in the second year of the 55th Olympiad, about the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, in the year of Rome 194, and the 554th before Christ. According to this account, he was about eighteen years of age, when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Teians, finding themselves too weak to withstand the enemy, rather chose to abandon their country, than their liberty, and therefore transported them-

<sup>1</sup> Madame Dacier endeavoured to prove, from Plato, that he was a kinsman of Solon, and consequently allied to the Codridæ, the noblest family in Athens : but her endeavour wanted support.—See Life of Anacreon prefixed to Younge's Version of his Select Odes.

selves and their families to the city of Abdera, in Thrace; where they had not been long settled, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It is probable, that in these conflicts, Anacreon lost those friends whom he laments in some of his epigrams.

We cannot expect many particulars of the life of this poet, because he seems to have been a professed despiser of business, and the cares of the world. It is certain, that wine, love, and the muse, had the disposal of all his hours.

From Abdera he went to the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, at that time one of the most gay and flourishing in Asia. A person of Anacreon's character must undoubtedly meet with a welcome reception, wherever wit and pleasure were esteemed: accordingly we find, that he was so highly honoured by Polycrates, as not only to be admitted into a share of his friendship, but even into his most secret counsels. How long he continued at Samos is uncertain; but it is probable, that the friendship of Polycrates, and the splendor of his court, had influence enough to detain him there the greatest part of his reign. This opinion also seems confirmed by Herodotus, who assures us, that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber, when he received a message from Orœtes, governor of Sardis, by whose treachery Polycrates was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> See Universal History. Vol. viii. 8vo. page 271.

A little before this remarkable incident, Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens, having been invited thither by Hipparchus, the eldest son of Pisistratus, one of the most virtuous and learned princes of his time; who (as Plato assures us) sent the most obliging letters, with a vessel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean. The same philosopher who relates this, does Anacreon the honour to style him 'the wise Anacreon,' which is the foundation of Monsieur Fontenelle's ingenious dialogue, where he introduces Anacreon and Aristotle disputing the prize of wisdom, and gives the advantage to our poet.

Hipparchus being assassinated, he returned to his native country Teos; for, after the death of Cyrus, the Teians had been suffered to reinhabit their country unmolested. Here he remained, as Suidas informs us, till another commotion in the state obliged him once more to fly to Abdera; where he died in the 85th year of his age.

The manner of his death was very extraordinary; for we are told, that he was choked with a grape-stone, as he was regaling on some new wine: which has afforded Mr. Cowley a subject for a fine elegy, the conclusion of which is very happy:

It grieves me, when I see what fate  
Does on the best of mankind wait,  
Poets or lovers let them be;  
'Tis neither love nor poësy  
Can arm against death's smallest dart  
The poet's head, or lover's heart.  
But when their life in its decline  
Touches the' inevitable line,

All the world's mortal to them then,  
And wine is aconite to men.  
Nay, in death's hand the grape-stone proves  
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

A small part only of his works has escaped the malice of time; for, besides the odes and epigrams that still remain, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambics. Some writers honour him with the invention of the lyre. How much he was the delight both of the ancients and moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant praises which they have bestowed on him. Horace mentions him with honour :

*Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,  
Delevit ætas* —————

Lib. iv. Ode 9.

———— blithe Anacreon's sportive lay  
Still lives, in spite of time's destructive sway.  
Duncombe.

Anacreon had a delicate genius, and there are inexpressible charms and graces in his poetry. ' His chief excellence,' says Madame Dacier, ' consists in imitating nature, and following reason : he presents no images to the mind but what are noble and natural.' — ' The Odes of Anacreon,' says Rapin, ' are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces : it is familiar to him to write what is natural. He has an air so delicate, easy, and graceful, that among all the ancients, there is nothing comparable to the method he took, nor to that kind of writing he followed. He flows soft

and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through all his compositions, and turning his harp to the pleasant and happy temper of his soul.'

But no one has given us a juster character of his writings, than that little god who inspired them, as Mr. Cowley has made him speak :

All thy verse is softer far  
 Than the downy feathers are  
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,  
 Of my mother's doves, or sparrows;  
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,  
 All with Venus' girdle bound.

I cannot better conclude this account of Anacreon, than with the following epitaph, as it is translated in the Spectator, No. 551.

#### ON ANACREON. BY ANTIPATER.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around  
 Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground;  
 And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,  
 Let wells of milk, and streams of wine arise:  
 So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,  
 If any pleasure reach the shades below.

To which let me add a fine stanza from Dr. Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry, in honour of our poet :

I see Anacreon smile and sing:  
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;  
 His cheek displays a second spring  
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.

Away, deceitful cares, away !  
And let me listen to his lay,  
While flowery dreams my soul employ ;  
While, turtle-wing'd, the laughing hours  
Lead hand in hand the festal powers,  
Lead youth, and love, and harmless joy,

## INTRODUCTION.

---

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that many of the following Odes were translated several years ago, at College, for the author's amusement, without any intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the partiality of friends, and allowed to insert those odes of Anacreon<sup>1</sup>, which are elegantly translated by the late Dr. Broome, and a few others<sup>2</sup>, he determined to give an entire version of the Teian bard, as no one of this nation had hitherto done it. Mr. John Addison's translation is incomplete; and, excepting a few odes, harsh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. West says of Cowley's Pindar, may be applied to his Odes of Anacreon: 'That they have not the least resemblance to the *manner* of the author whom they pretend to imitate; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness.'

It may be thought a bold undertaking to attempt

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Broome's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of Charles Chester, M. D.

<sup>2</sup> Viz. Odes 2, 11, 43, 49, and 51.

Sappho, after the high encomiums which Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*, has passed on Phillips's translation of her two odes. But, with deference to the authority of so good a judge, besides what the reader will find observed with regard to Mr. Phillips's mistaking the true sense of his author, the three first lines are amazingly rough and awkward.

Bless'd as the' immortal gods is *he*,  
*The youth* who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee *all the while*, &c.

It is surprising, that such unpoetical expressions, as those here marked, should escape the censure of the accurate Mr. Addison; unless we suspect that the partiality of the friend biassed the judgment of the critic.

It is equally surprising, that the beautiful Idylliums of Bion and Moschus, which charm every reader in the original, should scarce ever have been attempted in English. The translator, therefore, may justly claim some merit in endeavouring to make these elegant Greek writers speak his native language.

He cannot conclude this short introduction, without returning his thanks to an ingenious and worthy friend (whose name would do honour to the title page) for his revisal and correction of this little work, and for those excellent translations of the Idylliums of Moschus, marked D.

ODES  
OF  
ANACREON.

---

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,  
Anacreon blith the sprigh!ly lyre essay'd,  
In light fantastic measures beat the ground,  
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juicee around :  
No care, no thought, the.tuneful Teian knew,  
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

*Progress of Poetry. By a Lady.*

---

*ODE I.*

ON HIS LYRE.

‘ WAKE, O lyre, thy silent strings,  
Celebrate the brother-kings,  
Sons of Atreus, fam'd afar,  
Cadmus and the Theban war.’  
Rapt I strike the vocal shell—  
Hark—the trembling chords rebel ;  
All averse to arms they prove,  
Warbling only strains of love.  
Late I strung anew my lyre—  
Heavenly muse, my breast inspire,

While the swelling notes resound  
 Hercules for toils renown'd.'  
 Still the chords rebellious prove,  
 Answering only strains of love !  
 Farewell heroes, farewell kings !  
 Love alone shall tune my strings.

---

## ODE II.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,  
 Faithful guards from hostile harms ;  
 Jaws, the lion to defend,  
 Horrid jaws that wide distend !  
 Horns, the bull, resistless force !  
 Solid hoofs, the vigorous horse ;  
 Nimble feet, the fearful hare ;  
 Wings to fly, the birds of air ;  
 Fins to swim, the watry kind ;  
 Man, the bold undaunted mind !

10

Nature, lavishing her store,  
 What for woman had she more ?  
 Helpless woman ! *to be fair* ;  
 Beauty fell to woman's share.  
 She that's beauteous needs not fear  
 Sword, or flame, or shield, or spear :  
 Beauty stronger aid affords,  
 Stronger far than flames or swords,  
 Stronger far than swords or shields ;  
 Man himself to beauty yields.

20

## ODE III.

## CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE sable night had spread around  
 This nether world a gloom profound ;  
 No silver moon nor stars appear,  
 And strong Boötes urg'd the Bear :  
 The race of man, with toils oppress'd,  
 Enjoy'd the balmy sweets of rest ;  
 When from the heavenly court of Jove  
 Descended swift the god of love,  
 (Ah me ! I tremble to relate)  
 And loudly thunder'd at my gate.

‘ Who's there ? I cried, ‘ Who breaks my door  
 At this unseasonable hour ?

The god, with well-dissembled sighs,  
 And moan insidious, thus replies :

‘ Pray ope the door, dear Sir——’tis I,  
 A harmless, miserable boy ;  
 Benumb'd with cold and rain I stray  
 A long, uncomfortable way——  
 The winds with blustering horror roar——  
 ’Tis dismal dark—Pray ope the door.’

Quite unsuspecting of a foe,  
 I listen'd to the tale of woe,  
 Compassion touch'd my breast, and straight  
 I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate ;  
 When, lo ! a winged boy I spied,  
 With bow and quiver at his side :  
 I wonder'd at his strange attire ;  
 Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.

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My heart was bounteons and benign,  
 I warm'd his little hands in mine,  
 Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,  
 And wrung the water from his hair.  
 Soon as the fraudful youth was warm,  
 ' Let's try,' says he, ' if any harm  
 Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night ;  
 I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite.'  
 With that he bent the fatal yew,  
 And to the head an arrow drew :  
 Loud twang'd the sounding string, the dart  
 Pierc'd through my liver and my heart.  
 Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,  
 And, ' Friend,' he cried, ' I wish thee joy ;  
 Undamag'd is my bow, I see ;  
 But what a wretch I've made of thee.'

30

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## ODE IV.

## ON HIMSELF.

RECLIN'D at ease on this soft bed,  
 With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread  
 And flowery lote, I'll now resign  
 My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.  
 In decent robe behind him bound,  
 Cupid shall serve the goblet round :  
 For fast away our moments steal,  
 Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel ;  
 The rapid course is quickly done,  
 And soon the race of life is run ;  
 Then, then, alas ! we droop, we die,  
 And sunk in dissolution lie ;

10

Our frame no symmetry retains ;  
 Nought but a little dust remains,  
 Why on the tomb are odours shed ?  
 Why pour'd libations to the dead ?  
 To me far better while I live,  
 Rich wines and balmy fragrance give ;  
 Now, now the rosy wreath prepare,  
 And hither call the lovely fair.  
 Now, while I draw my vital breath,  
 Ere yet I lead the dance of death,  
 For joy my sorrows I'll resign,  
 And drown my cares in rosy wine.

20

## ODE V.

## ON THE ROSE.

To make the beverage divine,  
 Mingle sweet roses with the wine ;  
 Delicious will the liquor prove,  
 For roses are the flowers of love :  
 And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,  
 Let laughter and the cup go round.

Hail, lovely rose ! to thee I sing,  
 Thou sweetest daughter of the spring :  
 All mortals prize thy beauties bright ;  
 In thee the Powers above delight.  
 Gay Cupid, with the graces bland,  
 When lightly bounding hand in hand,  
 With nimble feet he beats the ground,  
 Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.  
 Here then the flowery garland bring :  
 With numbers sweet I'll wake the spring,

10

And crown'd with roses, heavenly flow'rs !  
 Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,  
 With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay  
 I'll dance the feather'd hours away.

20

## ODE VI.

## THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

WHILE roses round our temples twine,  
 We'll gaily quaff the sparkling wine :  
 And, lo ! the love-alluring fair  
 Her Thyrus brandishes in air,  
 With clustering ivy wreath'd around,  
 Whose branches yield a rustling sound ;  
 With graceful ease her steps she suits  
 To notes of soft Ionian lutes.  
 A youth, whose hair luxuriant flows,  
 In curls, with breath ambrosial blows      10  
 The well-pair'd pipes, and sweetly clear,  
 Pours melting music on the ear.  
 Here Cupid too with golden hair,  
 And Bacchus, ever young and fair,  
 With Cytherea, who inspires  
 Delightful thoughts and warm desires,  
 Gay-smiling join the festive train,  
 And make an old man young again.

## ODE VII.

## THE POWER OF LOVE.

LOVE, waving awful in his hand  
 His hyacinth-encircled wand,  
 Forc'd me, averse, with him to run ;  
 In vain I strove the task to shun.  
 Swift o'er the plain our course we plied,  
 Through foaming floods, o'er forests wide,  
 O'er hills where rocks impending hung,  
 Till me, alas ! a serpent stung :  
 Sore heav'd my heart with dire dismay,  
 My spirits sunk—I died away—  
 Pleas'd Cupid caught my trembling hand,  
 My face with his soft pinions fann'd,  
 And cried, ' Since now my power you prove,  
 Dare you still boast, you will not love ?'

10

## ODE VIII.

## THE DREAM.

As on a purple bed supine,  
 Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,  
 I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,  
 Methought, with nymphs supremely bless'd,  
 A beauteous band, I urg'd the chase,  
 Contending in the rapid race ;  
 While fairest youths, with envy stung,  
 Fair as Lyæus ever young,

C

With jealous leer, and bitter jest,  
 Their keen malevolence express'd.  
 Intent on love, I strive to greet  
 The gamesome girls with kisses sweet,  
 And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,  
 Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.  
 Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,  
 My visionary charmers fled,  
 To dream once more I close my eyes:  
 Again, ye soft illusions, rise!

10

## ODE IX.

## THE DOVE.

‘ TELL me, dear, delightful dove,  
 Emblematic bird of love,  
 On your waving wings descending,  
 Whence you come, and whither tending!  
 Tell me whence your snowy plumes  
 Breathe such fragrance of perfumes?  
 And what master you obey,  
 Gentle bird of Venus, say! ’

‘ Blithe Anacreon, the wise,  
 (Thus the feather'd page replies)  
 Sends me o'er the meads and groves  
 To Bathyllus whom he loves,  
 To Bathyllus, beauteous boy,  
 Men's delight, and maidens' joy.  
 For a sonnet terse and trim,  
 Which the poets call a hymn,  
 Venus, in her sweet regard,  
 Sold me to the gentle bard:

10

Happy in his easy sway,  
 All his mandates I obey ;  
 Often through the fields of air  
 Song or billet-doux I bear.  
 If you serve me well, says he,  
 I will shortly make you free.  
 He may free me, if he will,  
 Yet I'll stay and serve him still :  
 For what comfort can I know  
 On the mountain's barren brow ?  
 Or in deserts left alone,  
 There to murmur and to moan ?  
 Or in melancholy wood,  
 Pecking berries, nauseous food !  
 Now I eat delicious bread,  
 By my liberal master fed ;  
 Now I drink of his own bowl,  
 Rosy wine that cheers my soul ;  
 Sometimes dance, and sometimes play,  
 Ever easy, ever gay ;  
 Or my fragrant pinions spread,  
 Hovering o'er my master's head :  
 When my limbs begin to tire,  
 Then I perch upon his lyre ;  
 Soothing sounds my eye-lids close,  
 Sweetly lulling my repose.  
 ' Now I've told you all I know,  
 Friend, adieu——'tis time to go :  
 You my speed so long delay,  
 I have chatter'd like a jay.'

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## ODE X.

## CUPID IN WAX.

A RUSTIC brought, of curious mold,  
 A waxen Cupid to be sold ;  
 ' What price, (I cried) ingenuous say,'  
 For this small image shall I pay ?  
 ' Small is the price, (replied the clown)  
 Take it, e'en take it at your own :—  
 To tell you all without a lie,  
 I make no images not I ;  
 But dare not in my mansion trust  
 This patron of unbounded lust.' 10  
 If so, then for this little coin,  
 Said I, the deity is mine.'—  
 And now, great god, my breast inspire,  
 There kindle all thy gentle fire :  
 But, if thou fail'st to favour me,  
 I swear I'll make a fire of thee.

## ODE XI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON HIMSELF.

OFF, with wanton smiles and jeers,  
 Women tell me, I'm in years ;  
 I, the mirror when I view,  
 Find, alas ! they tell me true ;

Find my wrinkled forehead bare,  
 And regret my falling hair ;  
 White and few, alas ! I find  
 All that time has left behind.  
 But my hairs, if thus they fall,  
 If but few, or none at all,  
 Asking not, I'll never share  
 Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care.  
 This important truth I know,  
 If indeed in years I grow,  
 I must snatch what life can give ;  
 Not to love, is not to live.

10

## ODE XII.

## ON A SWALLOW.

SAY, chattering bird, that dar'st invade  
 My slumbers with thy serenade,  
 And steal'st my visionary bliss,  
 How shall I punish thee for this ?  
 Say, shall I clip thy soaring wing ;  
 Or, like stern Tercus, Thracian king,  
 To swallows name of dire dismay,  
 Tear by the roots thy tongue away ?  
 For, with thy execrable scream,  
 Thou wak'st me from a golden dream ;  
 And from my arms hast snatch'd away  
 Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

10

## ODE XIII.

## ON ATYS.

As o'er the mountains, o'er the plains,  
Unmanly Atys, in loud strains  
Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,  
His love to sudden madness turn'd.

Some to the Clarian fountains throng,  
Of laurell'd Phœbus, god of song ;  
And, with prophetic draughts inspir'd,  
Enraptur'd rave, with frenzy fir'd ;  
I too, inspir'd with generous wine,  
While round me breathe perfumes divine,  
And with fair Chloe bless'd, will prove  
The sweetest madness—wine and love.

10

## ODE XIV.

## LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

Yes, I yield—thy sovereign sway,  
Mighty Cupid, I'll obey.  
Late with soft persuasive art  
Love essay'd to win my heart :  
I, inflam'd with rebel pride,  
His omnipotence defied—  
With revengeful fury stung,  
Straight his bow he bent, he strung,  
Snatch'd an arrow wing'd for flight,  
And provok'd me to the fight.

10

I, disdaining base retreat,  
 Clad in radiant arms complete,  
 Like Achilles, boldly wield  
 Glittering spear, and ample shield ;  
 Thus equip'd, resolve to prove  
 The terrific power of love.

From his bow the arrows sped ;  
 I, alas ! inglorious fled——  
 When the quiver at his side  
 Feather'd shafts no more supplied,  
 Love, transform'd into a dart,  
 Pierc'd, like lightning, through my heart,  
 Of my vitals made his prey,  
 And dissolv'd my soul away.  
 Now, alas ! in vain I wield  
 Glittering spear, and ample shield ;  
 Victory in vain dispute,  
 Love, I find is absolute :  
 All defence to folly turns  
 When within the battle burns.

20

## ODE XV.

BY DR. BROOME.

HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise,  
 Gems have no charms to tempt the wise ;  
 Riches I leave, and such vain things,  
 To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my bright hair with unguents flow,  
 With rosy garlands crown my brow :

This sun shall roll in joy away ;  
To-morrow is a distant day.

Then while the hour serenely shines,  
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines ;  
But ever in the genial hour,  
To Bacchus the libation pour,  
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,  
Man—taste no more the cup of joy !

10

## ODE XVI.

BY DR BROOME.

## THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some employ  
Their numbers on the siege of Troy.  
I mourn, alas ! in plaintive strains,  
My own captivity and chains.

No navy, rang'd in proud array,  
No foot, no horseman arm'd to slay,  
My peace alarm : far other foes,  
Far other hosts, create my woes ;  
Strange dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie  
In every bright, love-darting eye !  
Such as destroy, when beauty arms  
To conquer, dreadful in its charms !

10

## ODE XVII.

## THE SILVER BOWL.

MULCIBER, this silver take,  
 And a curious goblet make ;  
 Let thy utmost skill appear  
 Not in radiant armour there ;  
 Let me there no battles see ;  
 What are arms or wars to me ?  
 Form it with a noble sweep,  
 Very wide, and very deep.  
 Carve not there the northern Team,  
 Nor Orion's dreadful beam ;  
 Pleiads, Hyads, Bears displease ;  
 What have I to do with these ?  
 Why should slow Boötes roll,  
 Why should horrid monsters prowl,  
 On the margin of my bowl ?  
 Draw me, what I value more,  
 Vines, with purple clusters store,  
 Bacchus, ever young and fair,  
 Cupid with the golden hair,  
 Gay Bathyllus too be there.  
 See that, beautiful and bold,  
 All these figures rise in gold :  
 In the wine-press let them join  
 Hand in hand to tread the wine.

10

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## ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

CONTRIVE me, artisan, a bowl  
 Of silver, ample as my soul ;  
 And in the bright compartments bring  
 The sweet profusion of the spring ;  
 Let that fair season, rich in flowers,  
 Shed roses in ambrosial showers ;  
 Yet simply plain be thy design,  
 A festive banqueting of wine ;  
 No hieroglyphics let it have,  
 No foreign mysteries engrave :  
 Let no blood-thirsty heroes wield  
 Rough armour in the silver field ;  
 But draw me Jove's delightful boy,  
 Bacchus the god of wine and joy :  
 Let Venus with light step advance,  
 And with gay Hymen lead the dance.  
 Beneath the leaf-embellish'd vine,  
 Full of young grapes that promise wine,  
 Let Love, without his armour, meet  
 The meek-eyed graces laughing sweet.  
 And on the polish'd plain display  
 A group of beauteous boys at play ;  
 But no Apollo, god of day. } 20

## ODE XIX.

## WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirsty earth sucks up the showers  
 Which from his urn Aqnarius pours ;  
 The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,  
 Imbibe the earth's prolific juice ;

The sea, in his prodigious cup,  
 Drinks all the rain and rivers up ;  
 The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain  
 The sea, the rivers, and the rain ;  
 And nightly, when his course is run,  
 The merry moon drinks up the sun.

10

Then give me wine, and tell me why,  
 My friends, should all things drink but I ?

## ODE XX.

BY DR. BROOME.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,  
 And steal them from themselves away.  
 Transform'd by their almighty hands,  
 Sad Niobe an image stands ;  
 And Philomel, up-borne on wings,  
 Through air her mournful story sings.

Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,  
 The happy change I wish allow ;  
 Thy envied mirror I would be,  
 That thou might'st always gaze on me ;  
 And, could my naked heart appear,  
 Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there !  
 Or were I made thy folding vest,  
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast !  
 Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave  
 Thy naked beauties in my wave !  
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,  
 To warm those little hills of snow :  
 Thy ointment, in such fragrant streams  
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs ;

10

20

Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck  
 And close embrace thy graceful neck :  
 A very sandal I would be,  
 To tread on—if trod on by thee.



## ODE XXI.

## SUMMER.

FILL, fill, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,  
 And let me gratify my soul :  
 I faint with thirst—the heat of day  
 Has drank my very life away.

O ! lead me to yon cooling bowers,  
 And give me fresher wreaths of flowers ;  
 For those that now my temples shade,  
 Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade :  
 But, O my heart, what can remove,  
 What winds, what shades, this heat of love ?      10  
 These are all vain, alas ! I find ;  
 Love is the fever of the mind.



## ODE XXII.

BY E. B. GREENE, ESQ.

## THE BOWER.

HERE, my Chloe, charming maid,  
 Here, beneath the genial shade,  
 Shielded from each ruder wind,  
 Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd !

Lo ! for thee the balmy breeze  
 Gently fans the waving trees !  
 Streams, that whisper through the grove,  
 Whisper low the voice of love,  
 Sweetly bubbling wanton sport,  
 Where persuasion holds her court.

Ye who pass the' enamell'd grove  
 Through the rustling shade who rove,  
 Sure my bliss your breast must fire !  
 Can you see, and not admire ?

10

## ODE XXIII.

## THE VANITY OF RICHES.

IF the treasur'd gold could give  
 Man a longer term to live,  
 I'd employ my utmost care  
 Still to keep, and still to spare ;  
 And when death approach'd, would say,  
 ' Take thy fee, and walk away.'  
 But since riches cannot save  
 Mortals from the gloomy grave ;  
 Why should I myself deceive,  
 Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve ?  
 Death will surely be my lot,  
 Whether I am rich or not.

10

Give me freely, while I live,  
 Generous wines ; in plenty give  
 Soothing joys my life to cheer,  
 Beauty kind, and friends sincere :  
 Happy ! could I ever find  
 Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

## ODE XXIV.

## ENJOYMENT.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,  
And my being's but a span :  
'Tis a march that I must make ;  
'Tis a journey I must take :  
What is past I know too well ;  
What is future, who can tell !  
Teasing care, then set me free,  
What have I to do with thee ?  
Ere I die, for die I must,  
Ere this body turns to dust,  
Every moment I'll employ  
In sweet revelry and joy,  
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,  
With Lyœus young and gay.

10

## ODE XXV.

## WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay Bacchus cheers my breast,  
All my cares are lull'd to rest :  
Griefs that weep, and toils that tease,  
What have I to do with these ?  
No solicitudes can save  
Mortals from the gloomy grave,  
Shall I thus myself deceive ?  
Shall I languish ? shall I grieve ?

Let us quaff the generous juice ;  
Bacchus gave it for our use.

10

For when wine transports the breast,  
All our cares are lull'd to rest.

---

*ODE XXVI.**THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.*

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,  
All my cares are lull'd to rest,  
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,  
Merry catch or ballad sing ;  
Ivy-wreaths my temples shade,  
Ivy that will never fade :  
Thus I sit in mind elate,  
Laughing at the farce of state.

Some delight in fighting fields,  
Nobler transports Bacchus yields :  
Fill the bowl—I ever said,  
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

16

---

*ODE XXVII.**THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.*

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,  
Generous god of wine and joy,  
Still exhilarates my soul  
With the raptures of the bowl ;

Then with feather'd feet I bound,  
 Dancing in a festive round :  
 Then I feel, in sparkling wine,  
 Transports delicate, divine ;  
 Then the sprightly music warms,  
 Song delights, and beauty charms :  
 Debonair, and light, and gay,  
 Thus I dance the hours away.

10

*ODE XXVIII.*

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

BEST and happiest artisan,  
 Best of painters, if you can,  
 With your many-colour'd art  
 Paint the mistress of my heart.

Describe the charms you hear from me,  
 (Her charms you could not paint and see)  
 And make the absent nymph appear  
 As if her lovely self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing hair,  
 As soft and black as she is fair ;  
 And, if your art can rise so high,  
 Let breathing odours round her fly.

Beneath the shade of flowing jet,  
 The ivory forehead smoothly set,  
 With care the sable brows extend,  
 And in two arches nicely bend ;  
 That the fair space which lies between  
 The meeting shade may scarce be seen.

10

The eye must be uncommon fire,  
 Sparkle, languish, and desire ;  
 The flames, unseen, must yet be felt,  
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.  
 The rosy cheeks must seem to glow  
 Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow.

Let her lips persuasion wear,  
 In silence elegantly fair ;  
 As if the blushing rivals strove,  
 Breathing and inviting love.

Below her chin be sure to deck  
 With every grace her polish'd neck ;  
 While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,  
 In the swelling bosom meet.  
 The rest in purple garments veil,  
 Her body, not her shape conceal.  
 Enough !—the lovely work is done ;  
 The breathing paint will speak anon.

---

*ODE XXIX.*

*BATHYLLUS.*

Now, illustrious artisan,  
 Paint the well-proportion'd man ;  
 Once again the tints prepare,  
 Paint Bathyllus young and fair.  
 Draw his tresses soft and black,  
 Flowing graceful down his back,  
 Auburn be the curl'd extremes,  
 Glowing like the solar beams ;  
 Let them negligently fall,  
 Easy, free, and artless all.

10

Let his bright cerulean brow  
Grace his forehead white as snow.

Let his eyes, that glow with fire,  
Gentlest, mildest love inspire :  
Steal from Mars his radiant mien,  
Softness from the' Idalian queen ;  
This with hope the heart to bless,  
That with terror to depress.

Next, his cheeks with roses crown,  
And the peach's dubious down ;  
And, if art can this bestow,  
Let the blush ingenuous glow.

But description would be faint,  
Teaching you his lips to paint :  
There let fair persuasion dwell,  
Let them gently, softly swell,  
Seem in sweetest sounds to break  
Willing air, and silent speak.

Now you've finish'd high the face,  
Draw his ivory neck with grace ;  
All the charms and beauty add,  
Such as fair Adonis had.

Let me, next, the bosom see,  
And the hands of Mercury ;  
But I'll not presume to tell,  
Artist, you who paint so well,  
How the foot should be express'd,  
How to finish all the rest.

I the price you ask will give,  
For the picture seems to live :  
Gold's too little, view this piece,  
'Tis the pictur'd pride of Greece ;  
This divine Apollo take,  
And from this Bathyllus make.

20

30

40

When to Samos you repair,  
 Ask for young Bathyllus there,  
 Finest figure eye e'er saw,  
 From Bathyllus Phœbus draw.

---

### ODE XXX.

#### CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

LATE the muses Cupid found,  
 And with wreaths of roses bound,  
 Bound him fast, as soon as caught,  
 And to blooming beauty brought.  
 Venus, with large ransom strove  
 To release the god of love.  
 Vain is ransom, vain is fee,  
 Love refuses to be free.  
 Happy in his rosy chain,  
 Love with beauty will remain.

---

### ODE XXXI.

#### THE PLEASING FRENZY.

INDULGE me, Stoics, with the bowl,  
 And let me gratify my soul ;  
 Your precepts to the schools confine,  
 For I'll be nobly mad with wine.

Alcmæon and Orestes grew  
 Quite mad when they their mothers slew :  
 But I, no man, no mother kill'd,  
 No blood but that of Bacchus spill'd,

Will prove the virtues of the vine,  
And be immensely mad with wine.

10

When Hercules was mad, we know  
He grasp'd the Iphitean bow ;  
The rattling of his quiver spread  
Astonishment around, and dread.  
Mad Ajax, with his sevenfold shield,  
Tremendous stalk'd along the field,  
Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,  
And hosts of Greeks in fancy slew.

But I with no such fury glow,  
No sword I wave, nor bend the bow :  
My helmet is a flowery crown ;  
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,  
And rant in ecstasies divine,  
Heroically mad with wine.

20

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### ODE XXXII.

#### THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

WHEN thou can'st fairly number all  
The leaves on trees, that fade and fall ;  
Or count the foaming waves that roar,  
Or tell the pebbles on the shore ;  
Then may'st thou reckon up the names  
Of all my beauties, all my flames.

At Athens, flames that still survive,  
First count me only thirty-five.  
At Corinth next tell o'er the fair,  
Tell me a whole battalion there.  
In Greece the fairest nymphs abound,  
And worse than banner'd armies wound.

10

Count all that make their sweet abodes  
At Lesbos, or delightful Rhodes.  
Then Carian and Ionian dames,  
Write me at least two thousand flames.

What ! think'st thou this too large a sum?  
Egypt and Syria are to come.  
And Crete, where love his sway maintains,  
And o'er a hundred cities reigns. 20  
Yet still unnumber'd, still remain  
The nymphs of Persia and of Spain,  
And Indians, scorch'd by Titan's ray,  
Whose charms have burnt my heart away.

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ODE XXXIII.

THE SWALLOW.

LOVELY swallow, once a year,  
Pleas'd you pay your visit here ;  
When our clime the sun-beams gild,  
Here your airy nest you build ;  
And, when bright days cease to smile,  
Fly to Memphis or the Nile :  
But, alas ! within my breast  
Love for ever makes his nest ;  
There the little Cupids lie,  
Some prepare their wings to fly. 10<sup>6</sup>  
Some unhatch'd, some form'd in part,  
Lie close nestling at my heart,  
Chirping loud ; their ceaseless noise  
All my golden peace destroys :  
Some, quite fledg'd and fully grown,  
Nurse the younglings as their own ;

These, when feather'd, others feed,  
And thus propagate their breed.  
Dreadful torment I sustain ;  
What, alas ! can ease my pain ?  
The vast flocks of loves that dwell  
In my breast, no tongue can tell.

20

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*ODE XXXIV.*

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

THOUGH cold winter o'er my brow  
Sheds a scatter'd shower of snow,  
Waving locks of silver hair;  
Fly me not, capricious fair !  
Though the spring's enlivening power  
Blossoms in your beauty's flower,  
Fly me not, nor slight my love ;  
In this chaplet, lo ! are wove  
Lucid colours, blending bright  
Roses red and lilies white :  
We, methinks, resemble those ;  
I the lily, you the rose.

10

---

*ODE XXXV.*

## ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THIS pictur'd bull is mighty Jove,  
Who meditates some prank of love ;  
On his broad back, with pleasing care,  
He safely bears the Tyrian fair.

Lo ! buoyant on the foaming tide,  
 He throws the circling winds aside,  
 Securely steering through the sea :  
 No other daring bull but he,  
 Would leave his heifers on the plain,  
 To tempt the dangers of the main.

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*ODE XXXVI.*

BY DR. BROOME.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,  
 I leave debates to learned fools,  
 Who solemnly in form advise ;  
 At best, impertinently wise.

To me more pleasing precepts give,  
 And teach the science—how to live ;  
 To bury in the friendly draught  
 Sorrows that spring from too much thought ;  
 To learn soft lessons from the fair,  
 How life may glide exempt from care.

10

Alas ! I'm old—I see my head  
 With hoary locks by time o'erspread :  
 Then instant be the goblet brought,  
 To make me young—at least in thought.  
 Alas ! incessant speeds the day,  
 When I must mix with common clay ;  
 When I must tread the dismal shore,  
 And dream of love and wine no more.

## ODE XXXVII.

BY DR. BROOME.

## THE SPRING.

SEE ! winter's past ; the seasons bring  
 Soft breezes with returning spring ;  
 At whose approach the Graces wear  
 Fresh honours in their flowing hair ;  
 The raging seas forget to roar,  
 And, smiling, gently kiss the shore ;  
 The sportive duck, in wanton play,  
 Now dives, now rises into day ;  
 The cranes from freezing skies repair,  
 And sailing float to warmer air ;  
 The enlivening suns in glory rise,  
 And gaily dance along the skies ;  
 The clouds disperse, or, if in showers  
 They fall, it is to wake the flowers.  
 See ! verdure clothes the teeming earth ;  
 The olive struggles into birth ;  
 The swelling grapes adorn the vine,  
 And kindly promise future wine :  
 Bless'd juice ! already I in thought  
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

10

## ODE XXXVIII.

## ON HIMSELF.

YEs, I'm old, I'm old, 'tis true ;  
 What have I with time to do ?  
 With the young and with the gay,  
 I can drink as much as they.

Let the jovial band advance,  
Still I'm ready for the dance.  
What's my sceptre, if you ask ?  
Lo ! I sway a mighty flask.

Should some mettled blade delight  
In the bloody scenes of fight,  
Let him to this stage ascend,  
Still I'm ready to contend—  
Mix the grape's rich blood, my page ;  
We in drinking will engage.

Yes, I'm old ; yet with the gay  
I can be as brisk as they ;  
Like Silenus 'midst his train,  
I can dance along the plain.

10

## ODE XXXIX.

## ON HIMSELF.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
Joy exhilarates my soul :  
To the Nine I raise my song,  
Ever fair and every young.

When full cups my cares expel,  
Sober counsels, then farewell :  
Let the winds that murmur, sweep  
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
Leads me to delightful bowers,  
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
And my locks with roses twine ;

10

Then I praise life's rural scene,  
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,  
Richest fragrance flowing round,  
And some lovely nymph detain,  
Venus then inspires the strain.

20

When from goblets deep and wide  
I exhaust the generous tide,  
All my soul unbends—I play  
Gamesome with the young and gay.

When the foaming bowl I drain,  
Real blessings are my gain ;  
Blessings which my own I call :  
Death is common to us all.

---

### ODE XL.

#### CUPID WOUNDED.

ONCE as Cupid, tir'd with play,  
On a bed of roses lay,  
A rude bee that slipt unseen,  
The sweet-breathing bnds between,  
Stung his finger, cruel chance !  
With its little pointed lance.  
Straight he fills the air with cries,  
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies ;  
Till the god to Venus came,  
Lovely langhter-loving dame ;  
Then he thus began to plain ;  
‘ Oh ! undone—I die with pain—  
Dear manima, a serpent small,  
Which a bee the ploughmen call,

10

Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,  
Oh!—has stung me to the heart.'

Venus thus replied, and smil'd :  
' Dry those tears, for shame ! my child ;  
If a bee can wound so deep,  
Causing Cupid thus to weep ;  
Think, O think ! what cruel pains  
He that's stung by thee sustains.'

20

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*ODE XLI.***THE BANQUET OF WINE.**

Now let us gaily drink, and join  
To celebrate the god of wine,  
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng  
The dance, and patroniz'd the song ;  
In heart, in soul, with love the same,  
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.

Revelry he nam'd his heir ;  
The Graces are his daughters fair :  
Sadness in Lethe's lake he steeps ;  
Solicitude before him sleeps.

10

When in large bowls fair boys produce  
The heart-exhilarating juice,  
Then all our sorrows are resign'd,  
They fly and mingle with the wind.  
The generous bowl then let us drain,  
Dismissing care, forgetting pain :  
For life, what pleasure can it give,  
If with anxiety we live ?  
And what hereafter may betide  
No living casuist can decide.

20

The days of man are fix'd by fate,  
Dark and obscure, though short the date.

Then let me, warm with wine, advance,  
 And revel in the tipsy dance ;  
 Or, breathing odours, sport and play  
 Among the fair, among the gay.  
 As for those stubborn fools that will  
 Be wretched, be they wretched still.  
 But let us gaily drink, and join  
 To celebrate the god of wine.

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**ODE XLII.****ON HIMSELF.**

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,  
 In sprightly dance my heart delights ;  
 When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,  
 The lyre can harmonize my soul :  
 But when, indulging amorous play,  
 I frolic with the fair and gay,  
 With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,  
 Then, then the sweetest joys abound ;  
 My honest heart nor envy bears,  
 Nor envy's poison'd arrows fears ;  
 By rankling malice never stung,  
 I shun the venom-venting tongue,  
 And at the jovial banquet hate  
 Contentions, battles, and debate :  
 When to the lyre's melodious sound  
 With Phyllis in the dance I bound,  
 The blooming fair, the silver lyre,  
 Should only dance and love inspire :  
 Then let us pass life's peaceful day  
 In mirth and innocence away.

10

20

## ODE XLIII.

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

THEE, sweet grasshopper, we call  
Happiest of insects all,  
Who from spray to spray can't skip,  
And the dew of morning sip :  
Little sips inspire to sing ;  
Then thou'rt happy as a king.  
All, whatever thou canst see,  
Herbs and flowers belong to thee ;  
All the various seasons yield,  
All the produce of the field.

Thou, quite innocent of harm,  
Lov'st the farmer and the farm ;  
Singing sweet when summer's near,  
Thou to all mankind are dear ;  
Dear to all the tuneful Nine  
Seated round the throne divine ;  
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,  
He inspir'd thy sprightly lay,  
And with voice melodious bless'd,  
And in vivid colours dress'd,

Thou from spoil of time art free ;  
Age can never injure thee.  
Wisest daughter of the earth !  
Fond of song, and full of mirth ;  
Free from flesh, exempt from pains,  
No blood riots in thy veins ;  
To the bless'd I equal thee ;  
Thou'rt a demi-deity.

10

20

## ODE XLIV.

## THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D that late I pinions wore,  
 And swiftly seem'd through air to soar ;  
 Me fleeter Cupid, quick as thought,  
 Pursued, and in an instant caught,  
 Though at his feet hung weights of lead :  
 ' What can this vision mean,' I said ?  
 Its mystic sense I thus explain ;  
 I who erewhile have worn the chain  
 Of many a fair-one for a day,  
 Then flung the flowery band away,  
 Am now involv'd and fetter'd fast  
 In links that will for ever last.

10

## ODE XLV.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

## CUPID'S DARTS.

As the god of manual arts  
 Forg'd at Lemnos missile darts,  
 Darts of steel for Cupid's bow,  
 Source of joy, and source of woe :  
 Venus, fast as Vulcan wrought,  
 Ting'd them in a honey'd draught ;  
 But her son in bitter gall  
 Ting'd them, doubly-ting'd them all.  
 Here, releas'd from war's alarms,  
 Enters the fierce god of arms ;

10

Whether led by will or chance,  
 Here he shakes his weighty lance.  
 Cupid's shafts with scornful eyes  
 Straight he views, and straight decries :  
 ' This is slight, and that a toy,  
 Fit for children to employ.'  
 ' These (said Cupid) I admit  
 Toys indeed, for children fit :  
 But, if I divine aright,  
 Take it——this is not so slight.' 20  
 Mars receives it : Venus smiles  
 At her son's well-season'd wiles.  
 Mars, with sudden pain possess'd,  
 Sighs from out his inmost breast :  
 ' Cupid, you aright divine,  
 Not so slight this shaft of thine ;  
 Small of size ! but strong of make !  
 Take it—I have tried it—take.'  
 ' No ; (replied the wanton boy)  
 Keep it, Mars, 'tis but a toy.'

---

### ODE XLVI.

#### THE POWER OF GOLD.

LOVE's a pain that works our woe ;  
 Not to love, is painful too :  
 But, alas ! the greatest pain  
 Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,  
 Sprightly wit, or noble birth ?  
 All these virtues useless prove ;  
 Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curs'd  
 Who the sleeping mischief first  
 Wak'd to life ; and, vile before,  
 Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.  
 Gold creates in brethren strife ;  
 Gold destroys the parent's life ;  
 Gold produces civil jars,  
 Murders, massacres, and wars :  
 But the worst effect of gold,  
 Love, alas ! is bought and sold.

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**ODE XLVII.****YOUNG OLD-AGE.**

Yes, yes, I own, I love to see  
 Old men facetious, blithe, and free ;  
 I love the youth that light can bound,  
 Or graceful swim the' harmonious round :  
 But when old-age, jocose though gray,  
 Can dance and frolic with the gay ;  
 'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,  
 Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

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**ODE XLVIII.****BY DR. BROOME.****GAY LIFE.**

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,  
 Let the sound my breast inspire !  
 But with no troublesome delight  
 Of arms, and heroes slain in fight :

Let it play no conquests here,  
Or conquests only o'er the fair !

Boy, reach that volume—book divine !

The statutes of the god of wine :

He, legislator, statutes draws,

And I, his judge, enforce his laws ;

10

And, faithful to the weighty trust,

Compel his votaries to be just.

Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,

Till to the sprightly dance we rise ;

We brisk it with a lively bound,

Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound ;

Then pour forth, with a heat divine,

Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

---

### ODE XLIX.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

TO A PAINTER.

WHILE you my lyre's soft numbers hear,  
Ingenious painter, lend an ear,  
And, while it charms your ravish'd heart,  
Display the wonders of your art.

First draw a nation blithe and gay,  
Laughing and sporting life away ;  
Let them in sprightly dances bound,  
While their shrill pipes the Bacchæ sound ;  
And, if you can perfection give,  
Bid every breathing figure live :  
And then, lest life insipid prove,  
To make them happy, bid them love.

## ODE L.

BY DR. BROOME.

## THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE ! see ! the jolly god appears,  
 His hand a mighty goblet bears ;  
 With sparkling wine full charg'd it flows,  
 The sovereign cure of human woes.

Wine gives a kind release from care,  
 And courage to subdue the fair ;  
 Instructs the cheerful to advance,  
 Harmonious in the sprightly dance.  
 Hail, goblet, rich with generous wines !  
 See ! round the verge a vine-branch twines.      10  
 See ! how the mimic clusters roll,  
 As ready to refill the bowl.

Wine keeps its happy patients free  
 From every painful malady ;  
 Our best physician all the year ;  
 Thus guarded, no disease we fear,  
 No troublesome disease of mind,  
 Until another year grows kind,  
 And loads again the fruitful vine,  
 And brings again our health—new wine.

## ODE LI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

## ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill  
 Could this orb with wonders fill !  
 Where the mimic ocean glides  
 Soft with the well-dissembled tides ;

The waves seem floating, and above  
Shines the beauteous queen of love :  
The workman's fancy mounted high,  
And stole the' idea from the sky.

Transporting sight !—the waves conceal  
But what 'twere impious to reveal !

She, like some flower all-blossom'd gay,  
Shines along the smiling way.

The amorous waters, as she swims,  
 Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs ;  
 Then, proudly swelling to be press'd,  
 Beneath her snowy fragrant breast,  
 Ambitiously arise on high,  
 And lift the goddess to the sky :  
 And, while her lucid limbs they lave,  
 She brightens the transparent wave ;  
 So violets enlighten'd glow,  
 Surrounded by the lily's snow.

But see ! a lovely smiling train,  
Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,  
The queen attends ! in triumph moves  
Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.  
On dolphins borne, in state they ride,  
And beautify the silver tide :  
Dancing around in shoals they play,  
And humble adoration pay.

Rare art, that life to phantoms gives !  
See ! see ! a second Venus lives.

## ODE LII.

BY DR. BROOME.

## GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

Io ! the vintage now is done !  
 And purpled with the' autumnal sun :  
 The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,  
 The sweetest product of the year !  
 In vats the heavenly load they lay,  
 And swift the damsels trip away :  
 The youths alone the wine-press tread,  
 For wine's by skilful drunkards made.  
 Meantime the mirthful song they raise,  
 Io ! Bacchus, to thy praise !  
 And viewing the bless'd juice, in thought  
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

10

Gaily through wine the old advance,  
 And doubly tremble in the dance :  
 In fancied youth they chant and play,  
 Forgetful that their locks are gray.

Through wine the youth completes his loves ;  
 He haunts the silence of the groves :  
 Where, stretch'd beneath the' embowering shade,  
 He sees some love-inspiring maid ;  
 On beds of rosy sweets she lies,  
 Inviting sleep to close her eyes :  
 Fast by her side his limbs he throws,  
 Her hand he presses—breathes his vows ;  
 And cries, ' My love, my soul, comply  
 This instant, or alas ! I die.'  
 In vain the youth persuasion tries !  
 In vain !—her tongue at least denies :

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Then, scorning death through dull despair,  
He storms the unwilling willing fair ;  
Blessing the grapes that could dispense  
The happy, happy impudence,

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## ODE LIII.

BY DR. BROOME,

## THE ROSE.

COME, lyrist; tune thy harp, and play  
Responsive to my vocal lay ;  
Gently touch it, while I sing  
The rose, the glory of the spring.

To heaven the rose in fragrance flies,  
The sweetest incense of the skies.  
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours  
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,  
The gaily-smiling graces wear  
A trophy in their flowing hair :  
Thee Venus, queen of beauty, loves ;  
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,  
Their favourite rose the Muses praise :  
To pluck the rose the virgin train  
With blood their pretty fingers stain ;  
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,  
That threaten and inflict a wound :  
See ! how they wave the charming toy,  
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy.

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The rose the poets strive to praise,  
And for it would exchange their bays ;

O ! ever to the sprightly feast  
 Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest !  
 But chiefly when the goblet flows,  
 And rosy wreaths adorn our brows !

Lovely smiling rose, how sweet  
 All objects where thy beauties meet !  
 Aurora, with a blushing ray,  
 And rosy fingers, spreads the day :  
 The graces more enchanting show,  
 When rosy blushes paint their snow ;  
 And every pleas'd beholder seeks  
 The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.

When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,  
 Its juice the drooping heart relieves ;  
 And, after death, its odours shed  
 A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead ;  
 And when its withering charms decay,  
 And sinking, fading, die away ;  
 Triumphant o'er the rage of time,  
 It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth  
 Of this sweet offspring of the earth !

When Venus from the ocean's bed  
 Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head ;  
 When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,  
 Tremendous to the powers above,  
 To grace the world the teeming earth  
 Gave the fragrant infant birth ;  
 And, 'This, (she cried) I this ordain  
 My favourite, queen of flowers to reign.'

But first, the' assembled gods debate  
 The future wonder to create :  
 Agreed at length, from heaven they threw  
 A drop of rich nectareous dew :

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A bramble-stem the drop receives,  
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,  
To grace him in the genial hour.

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### ODE LIV.

BY DR. BROOME.

GROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youth my eyes survey,  
I too am young, and I am gay ;  
In dance my active body swims,  
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybeba, crown my brows  
With garlands of the fragrant rose !  
Hence, hoary age !—I now am young,  
And dance the mirthful youths among.

Come then, my friends, the goblet drain !  
Bless'd juice !—I feel thee in each vein !  
See ! how with active bounds I spring !  
How strong, and yet how sweet I sing !

How bless'd am I, who thus excel  
In pleasing arts of trifling well !

10

## ODE LV.

BY DR. BROOME.

## THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears  
 A mark imprinted on his hairs :  
 The turban, that adorns the brows  
 Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows :  
 And marks betray the lover's heart,  
 Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart :  
 I plainly read them in his eyes,  
 That look too foolish, or too wise,

## ODE LVI.

BY DR. BROOME,

## OLD AGE.

ALAS ! the powers of life decay !  
 My hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to gray ;  
 The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,  
 Is banish'd from my faded face :  
 Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,  
 Himself half dead before he dies.

For this and for the grave I fear,  
 And pour the never-ceasing tear :  
 A dreadful prospect strikes my eye,  
 I soon must sicken, soon must die.

For this the mournful groan I shed,  
 I dread—alas ! the hour I dread !  
 What eye can stedfastly survey  
 Death, and its dark tremendous way ?  
 For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,  
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies !  
 All pale, all senseless in the urn !  
 Never, ah ! never to return.

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*ODE LVII.*

**THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH MODERATION,**

BRING hither, boy, a mighty bowl,  
 And let me quench my thirsty soul ;  
 Fill two parts water, fill it high ;  
 Add one of wine, for I am dry :  
 Thus let the limpid stream allay  
 The jolly god's too potent sway.

Quick, boy, dispatch—My friends, no more,  
 Thus let us drinking rant and roar ;  
 Such clamorous riot better suits  
 Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous brutes :      10  
 Let us, while music tunes the soul,  
 Mix temperance in the friendly bowl.

*ODE LVIII.***THE LOVE DRAUGHT.**

As late of flowerets fresh and fair  
 I wove a chaplet for my hair,  
 Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,  
 The wanton god of love I spied ;  
 I seiz'd him, resolute of soul,  
 And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,  
 Resolv'd to have a draught divine,  
 And fairly swallow'd him in wine :  
 E'er since his fluttering wings impart  
 Strange titillations to my heart.

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*ODE LIX.***TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.**

WHY thus with scornful look you fly,  
 Wild Thracian filly, tell me why?  
 Think'st thou that I no skill possess,  
 And want both courage and address?  
 Know, that whenever I think fit  
 To tame thee with a galling bit,  
 Just where I please, with tighten'd rein,  
 I'll urge thee round the dusty plain ;  
 Now on the flowery turf you feed,  
 Or lightly bound along the mead,  
 So wild, so wanton, and untried,  
 You want some youth to mount and ride.

## ODE LX.

## EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

VENUS, fair queen of gods above,  
 Cupid, thou mighty power of love,  
 And Hymen bland, by heaven design'd  
 The fruitful source of human-kind ;  
 To you, as to the lyre I sing,  
 Flows honour from the sounding string ;  
 Propitious to the numbers prove,  
 O, Venus, Hymen, god of love.  
 View, gentle youth, with rapt'ne view  
 This blooming bride, ordain'd for you :  
 Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,  
 Lest, like a bird, she fly your arms.  
 O happy youth ! by Venus bless'd,  
 But happier on Myrilla's breast :  
 See how the fair-one, sweetly coy,  
 All soft confusion, meets the joy,  
 Blooming as health, fresh as May-flowers,  
 And bright as radiant noon-tide hours.

Of all the flowers upon the plains,  
 The rose unmatch'd in beauty reigns ;  
 Myrilla thus in charms excels,  
 She shines the rose among the belles.  
 O may, bless'd youth, the god of day  
 The pleasing toils of love survey :  
 And may a beauteous blooming boy  
 Crown your soft vows with lasting joy !

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## ODE LXI.

## ON GOLD.

WHEN gold, that fugitive unkind,  
 With pinions swifter than the wind,  
 Flies from my willing arms away,  
 (For gold with me will never stay)  
 With careless eyes his flight I view,  
 Who would perfidious foes pursue?  
 When from the glittering mischief free,  
 What mortal can compare with me?  
 All my inquietudes of mind  
 I give to murmur with the wind :  
 Love sweetly tunes my melting lyre  
 To tender notes of soft desire.

Bnt when the vagrant finds I burn  
 With rage, and slight him in his turn,  
 He comes, my quiet to destroy,  
 With the mad family of joy :  
 Adieu to love, and soft desire!  
 He steals me from my soothing lyre.

O faithless gold! thou dear deceit!  
 Say, wilt thou still my fancy cheat?  
 This lute far sweeter transport brings,  
 More pleasing these love-warbled strings :  
 For thou with envy and with wiles  
 Me of my dearest love beguiles,  
 Dashing the cup of sweet desire,  
 And robb'st me of my golden lyre :  
 Then, for with me thou wilt not stay,  
 To faithless Phrygians speed'st away,

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Proud and assiduous to please  
Those sons of perfidy and ease.

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Me from the muse thou would'st detain,  
But all thy tempting arts are vain;  
Ne'er shall my voice forget to sing,  
Nor this right hand to touch the string :  
Away to other climes ! Farewell !—  
Leave me to tune the vocal shell.

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**ODE LXII.****ON THE SPRING.**

WHAT bright joy can this exceed,  
This of roving o'er the mead ?

Where the hand of Flora pours,  
Sweetest, voluntary flow'rs :

Where the zephyr's balmy gale  
Wantons in the lovely vale.

O ! how pleasing to recline  
Underneath the spreading vine,  
In the close concealment laid

With a love-inspiring maid !  
Fair, and sweet, and young, and gay,  
Chatting all the live-long day.

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## ODE LXIII.

TO CUPID.

MIGHTY god of flames and darts,  
 Great controller of all hearts ;  
 With thee Venus, lovely fair,  
 Venus with the golden hair,  
 And the bright-eyed Dryads play,  
 Nymphs that on the mountains stray :  
 Come, propitious to my vow,  
 Leave the mountain's rugged brow :  
 Quick descend into the plain,  
 Where the object of my pain,  
 Sweet Eurypyle, imparts  
 Anxious hopes to youthful hearts ;  
 Melt to love the yielding fair,  
 Teach her not to give despair :  
 Thou my passion must approve,  
 Melt the yielding fair to love.

10

## ODE LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

ITALIAN god, with golden hair,  
 O Cupid ! ever young and fair,  
 Fly to my aid, and safely shroud  
 Me in a purple-beaming cloud,

And on thy painted wings convey  
 A faithful lover on his way.  
 Thy blandishments disturb my rest,  
 And kindle tumults in my breast ;  
 The pleasing poison was convey'd  
 Late from the lovely Lesbian maid ;  
 Her sun-bright eye discharg'd a dart,  
 That rankling preys upon my heart :  
 In sparkling wit beyond compare,  
 She slighted, alas ! my silver hair,  
 Regardless of my heartfelt pain,  
 And fondly loves some happier swain.

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## ODE LXV.

## ON HIMSELF.

I LATELY thought, delightful theme !  
 Anacreon saw me in a dream,  
 The Teian sage, the honey'd bard,  
 Who call'd me with a sweet regard ;  
 I, pleas'd to meet him, ran in haste,  
 And with a friendly kiss embrac'd.

'Tis true, he seem'd a little old,  
 But gay and comely to behold ;  
 Still bow'd to Cytherea's shrine,  
 His lip was redolent of wine :  
 He reel'd as if he scarce could stand,  
 But Cupid led him by the hand.

The poet, with a gentle look,  
 A chaplet from his temples took,  
 That did of sweet Anacreon breathe,  
 And smiling gave to me the wreath.

10

I from his brow the flowery crown  
Receiv'd, and plac'd it on my own:  
Thence all my woes unnumber'd flow,  
E'er since with raging love I glow.

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## ODE LXVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

ON APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string  
I waken, and spontaneous sing:  
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,  
That lifts ambition into fame:  
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;  
Some god impels and I obey.  
Attend, ye groves! the muse prepares  
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;  
Such as the swan expiring sings,  
Melodious, by Cayster's springs,  
Where listening winds in silence hear,  
And to the gods the music bear.

10

Celestial muse! attend and bring  
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing;  
To Phœbus and the muse belong  
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.

Begin, begin the lofty strain!  
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain!  
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,  
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.  
With glorious pride his vows she hears,  
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,

20

To laurel chang'd the nymphs, and gave  
Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah ! how, on wings of love convey'd,  
He flew to clasp the panting inaid !  
Now, now o'er takes ! but heaven deceives  
His hope—he seizes only leaves.

Why burns my raptur'd breast ? ah ! why ?  
Ah ! whither strives my soul to fly ? 30

I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,  
Impulsive to some nobler song :  
Let, let the wanton fancy play,  
But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But, O ! in vain—my muse denies  
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes ;  
Suffice it to rehearse the pains  
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains ;  
Nor dare to wield the shafts of love  
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove. 40

I yield ! Adieu the lofty strain !  
Anacreon is himself again :  
Again the melting song I play,  
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.  
See ! see ! how, with attentive ears,  
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs !  
And quaff, in bowery shades reclin'd,  
My precepts, to regale the mind.

*ODE LXVII.*

## ON LOVE.

To love I wake the silver string,  
And of his soft dominion sing :  
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,  
The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow :  
All mortals own his mighty sway,  
And him the gods above obey.

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*ODE LXVIII.*

## THE SUPPLICATION.

QUEEN of the woodland-chase, whose darts  
Unerring pierce the mountain-harts,  
Diana chaste, Jove's daughter fair,  
Suppliant to thee I breathe my prayer.  
Descend, propitious to my vow,  
To where the streams of Lethe flow :  
In pity aid a hapless race,  
Bright goddess of the woodland chase ;  
With holy awe they own thy sway,  
And meek in reverence obey.

*ODE LXIX.***ARTEMON.****A FRAGMENT.**

Now Artemon, a favourite name,  
 Inspires Eurypyle with flame :  
 An upstart of ignoble blood,  
 Who plodded late in shoes of wood ;  
 And round his waist, instead of vest,  
 Wore a cow's stinking hide undress'd,  
 Which might, on fit occasion, yield  
 Rank covering for a rotten shield.  
 This wretch, with other wretches vile,  
 Liv'd hard by drudgery and toil ;  
 Oft sentenc'd cruel pains to feel  
 At whipping-post, or racking-wheel :  
 But now, conspicuous from afar,  
 He rides triumphant in his car ;  
 With golden pendants in his ears,  
 Aloft the silken reins he bears,  
 Proud, and effeminately gay :  
 His slaves an ivory skreen display,  
 To guard him from the solar ray.

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*ODE LXX.*

## TO HIS BOY.

Boy, while here I sit supine,  
Bring me water, bring me wine ;  
Bring me, to adorn my brow,  
Wreaths of flowers that sweetly blow :  
Love invites——O ! let me prove  
The joys of wine, the sweets of love !

THE  
EPIGRAMS OF ANACREON.

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*EPIGRAM I.*

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE tomb of great Timocritus behold !  
Mars spares the base, but slays the brave and bold.

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*EPIGRAM II.*

ON AGATHON.

FOR Agathon, in fighting fields renown'd,  
Abdera mourns his funeral pile around ;  
For him she mingles tears with bright applause,  
Who nobly suffer'd in his country's cause ;  
No youth so brave, unknowing how to yield,  
E'er perish'd in the thunder of the field.

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*EPIGRAM III.*

ON THE SON OF CLEENOR.

THEE, Cleenorides, the bold, the brave,  
Stern Neptune sunk beneath the whelming wave :  
Thy country's love so nobly fill'd thy mind,  
Thou dar'dst to trust, too credulous, the wind :  
The fair, though faithless, season urg'd thy doom,  
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a watery tomb.

***EPIGRAM IV.*****ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THREE BACCHÆ.**

FIRST, Heliconias with a Thrysus pass'd,  
Xanthippe next, and Glauca is the last ;  
Lo ! dancing down the mountains they repair,  
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear ;  
Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,  
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed.

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***EPIGRAM V.*****ON MYRON'S COW.**

FEED, gentle swain, thy cattle far away,  
Lest they too near the cow of Myron stray,  
And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,  
Drive home the breathing statue with the herd.

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***EPIGRAM VI.*****ON THE SAME.**

THIS heifer is not cast, but rolling years  
Harden'd the life to what it now appears :  
Myron unjustly would the honour claim,  
But nature has prevented him in vain.

*The following Epigrams were collected by Barnes, and first added to his Edition of our Poet : the first five on the authority of a Manuscript Anthologia at Paris ; the rest on the credit of a Heidelberg Manuscript :*

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### **EPIGRAM VII.**

#### **ON COMPANY.**

I NE'ER can think his conversation good,  
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood ;  
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,  
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

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### **EPIGRAM VIII.**

#### **A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN THE NAME OF PHIDOLA:**

PHIDOLA, as a monument of speed,  
This mare, at Corinth bred, to Jove decreed.

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### **EPIGRAM IX.**

#### **TO APOLLO IN THE NAME OF NAUCRATES.**

God of the silver bow, and golden hair,  
Hear Naucrates's vows, and grant his prayer !

## EPIGRAM X.

## ANOTHER DEDICATION.

LYCÆUS' son, Praxagoras, bestow'd  
 This marble statue to his guardian god :  
 View well the whole—what artist can surpass  
 The finish'd work of Anaxagoras ?

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## EPIGRAM XI.

## ANOTHER.

MINERVA's grove contains the favour'd shield,  
 That guarded Python in the bloody field.

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## EPIGRAM XII.

## ANOTHER. BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN Hermes' bust, Leocrates, you rais'd,  
 The Graces bland the beauteous image prais'd ;  
 The joyful academe extoll'd your name ;  
 The speaking bust shall eternize your fame.

---

## EPIGRAM XIII.

## ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

To Aristocles, the best of friends,  
 This honorary verse the muse commends :  
 Bold and adventurous in the martial strife,  
 He say'd his country ; but he lost his life.

## EPIGRAM XIV.

PRAXIDICE this flowery mantle made,  
 Which fair Dyseris first design'd ;  
 Mark how the lovely damsels have display'd  
 A pleasing unity of mind.

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## EPIGRAM XV.

## UNDER A STATUE.

CALLITELES first fix'd me on this base,  
 Fair rising to the view :  
 His sons gave ornament and grace ;  
 To them your thanks are due.

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## EPIGRAM XVI.

## ANOTHER.

THIS trophy Areophilus' son  
 To Bacchus consecrates, for battles won.

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## EPIGRAM XVII.

## ANOTHER.

THESSALIA's monarch, Echecratides,  
 Has fix'd me on this base,  
 Bacchus, the jolly god of wine, to please,  
 And give the city grace.

*EPIGRAM XVIII.*

To Mercury your orisons address,  
That Timonactes meet with wish'd success,  
Who fix'd these porticoes, my sweet abode,  
And plac'd me sacred to the herald-god.  
All who the bright-eyed sciences revere,  
Strangers and citizens, are welcome here.

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*EPIGRAM XIX.*

**G**REAT Sophocles, for tragic story prais'd,  
These altars to the gods immortal rais'd.

---

*EPIGRAM XX.*

**O MERCURY!** for honours paid to thee  
May Thæas live in calm security;  
Years of serenest pleasure may he gain,  
And o'er the' Athenian race a long and happy reign!

## NOTES ON THE ODES.

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### ODE I.

THIS Ode is, with great reason and propriety, placed at the head of these beautiful little poems : for love, the argument, is in a good measure the argument of all the rest.—The invention of it has been esteemed so happy and gallant, and the turn so delicate, that the best masters of antiquity have copied this excellent original. Horace had it in view, Ode 12. Book 2.

*Nolis longa fere bella Numantia,  
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,  
Pæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus  
Aptari citharae modis.*

Dire Hannibal, the Roman dread,  
Numantian wars which rag'd so long,  
And seas with Punic slaughter red,  
Suit not the softer lyric song.

*Lord Chief Baron Gilbert.*

Ovid has imitated it in several of his elegies. In the following distich he seems to have comprehended the substance of the whole Ode. *Eleg. 12. Book 3.*

*Cum Theba, cum Troja forent, cum Cæsaris acta ;  
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.*

Though Thebes and Troy remain, and Cæsar's praise,  
Illustrious themes that might my fancy raise,  
Corinna only can inspire my lays.

{

Bion of Smyrna has beautifully imitated this Ode at the end of the fourth Idyllium.

Ὕν μεν γαρ βροτον αλλον η αθανατον τινα μελπω,  
Καιριζει μεν γλοσσα, και οις παρος εκ ετ' αεισει.  
Ὕν δ' αυτ' εις τον Ερωτα και εις Λυκιδαν τι μελισδω,  
Και τοια μοι σχειροισα δια σοματος ρινι αδα.

To praise a hero, when I strike the lyre,  
Or nobly daring to some god aspire,  
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,  
The faltering accents die upon my tongue :  
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,  
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

Ver. 3. Agamemnon and Menelaus, the chief commanders at the siege of Troy. By the Atridae the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban war.

Ver. 9. M. Dacier judiciously observes, in his notes on the twenty-sixth Ode of the first book of Horace, that the poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary subject, were wont to say they had new-strung their lyre.

— *Hunc fidibus novis,  
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,  
Teque tuasque decet sorores.*

To sound his praise, O muse, is thine,  
In concert with the tuneful Nine,  
On the fam'd Lesbian lyre new-strung,  
In numbers sweet, as old Alcaeus sung.

Ver. 14. The Greek word, *αυτιφωνη*, is very strong and expressive, and means, 'to return a contrary sound.' To understand this passage clearly, we must imagine that Anacreon is singing and playing upon the lyre; which, instead of answering to his voice in heroic numbers, returned only the sounds of love. Tibullus has a similar expression, Eleg. 4. Book 3.

*Tunc ego nec citharā poteram gaudere sonorā,  
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.*

No more I tun'd the loud resounding string,  
Nor to the lyre's sweet melody could sing.

Ver. 15.

— *Heronum clara valete  
Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.*

Ovid, Eleg. 1. lib. 2.

Ye heroes of immortal fame, adieu !  
Ill suits the warbling of my lyre with you.

ODE II.

Phocylides has copied great part of this Ode in his admonitory poem :

Οπλον ἵκαςω γεμε Θεος φυσιγ· περοφοιτου  
Οργισι μεν πολλην ταχυτήν, αλκην τε λευσι,  
Ταυρος δ' αυτοχυτος κερασσιν, κενήρει μελισσαις  
Εμφυιον αλκαρ εδωκε' λογος δ' ερυμ' ανθρωποισι.

Arms to all creatures God's abundant care  
Affords ; light pinions to the birds of air ;  
The lordly lion boasts his matchless might ;  
The bull's bright horns are terrible in fight ;  
The sting sharp-pointed is the bee's defence ;  
The shield and buckler of mankind is sense.

Ver. 10. The Greek word *φρεγημα* generally

signifies *prudence*; and so Stephens has translated it: but as it would be highly absurd to suppose that nature had forgot that useful ingredient in the composition of the ladies, we must look out for another interpretation. Φρονημα equally signifies magnanimity. It is similar to an expression of Tully, in Off. 1. 19.—‘ *Elatio et magnitudo animi* :’ and as Mr. John Addison, in his note on this passage, observes, ‘ By courage, when applied to man, is properly meant that superiority of mind, which is man’s peculiar characteristic and charter of dominion.’

Ver. 14. Coluthus, in his poem on the Rape of Helen, has the same thought, speaking of Venus :

Μην Κυπρίς αναλκις την Θεός. ο βασιληών  
Κοιρανιην, οδ' εγχος αρηιον, ο δελος έλκων  
Αλλα τι δειμανιν περιωσιον; αντι μεν αιχμης,  
Ως Σοον εγχος εγκυσα μαλιφρονα δεσμον ορωτων.

Of all the gods, no regal sway I bear,  
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial spear;  
Yet great my power, for my irresistible darts  
Are smiles and loves that triumph over hearts.

And a little further,

Εργα μοθων εκ οιδα τι γαρ σωκεων Αφροδίτη:  
Αγλαιη πολυ μαλλον αριστευσοι γυναικες.

No fights I know, averse to war’s alarms;  
Idalian Venus has no need of arms:  
The fair are irresistible in charms.

}

Nonnus introduces Venus speaking after the same manner :

Εγχος εμου πελε καλλος, εμου ξιφος επλε τα μορφη.  
Resistless beauty for a sword I wear,  
And charms more piercing than the pointed spear.

The Romans were so fully convinced of the power of beauty, that the word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two passages in Plautus. *Bacchid.* Act 2. Sc. 2. 88. *Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est?* *Et Miles Glor.* Act. 4. Sc. 3. 13. *Eiquid fortis visa est?*

## ODE III.

This, as Longepierre observes, is one of the most beautiful of Anacreon's Odes. Nothing can be more ingenious than the fiction, which is something similar to the fable of the Serpent and the Labourer.

Ver. 4. Two constellations near the northern pole. Boötes is also called Arctophylax, or the Bear-keeper. Aratus, in his *Phenomena*, has three lines perfectly similar to this passage of Anacreon,

Ἐξοπίθη δ' Ἐλικης φερεῖαι ελασθί τοικως  
Αρκτοφυλαξ, τον δ' αὐδες επικλεωσι Βοῶην,  
Οὐνηχ' ἀμαξαῖς ἐπαφωμινος ειδεῖαι Αρκλι.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the Bear,  
Arctophylax, on earth Boötes nam'd,  
Sheds o'er the arctic car his silver light.

Ver. 40. The ancients placed the seat of love in the liver, as might be proved from several passages.

*Cum tibi servens amor et libido,*  
*Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,*  
*Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum.*

Hor. B. 1. Ode 2.

And burning love and loathsome lust,  
Such as the maddling fillies fires,  
Still in thy canker'd liver rage.

*Duncombe.*

**Theocritus, Idyll. 11. ver. 16.**

—τοι ἡπαλι παξε βελεμνον.

She in his liver fix'd a dart.

And in the thirteenth Idyl. ver 72, speaking of Hercules, he says,

——Χαλεπος γαρ εσω θεος ἡπαρ αμυσσιν.

For in his liver love had fix'd a wound.

There is an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, to the same purpose.

Αηξον, Ερος, χρεδιης τε και ἡπαλος. ει δ' ἐπιθυμει;  
Βιλλειν, αλλο τι μη των μελεων μιλαθα.

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart :  
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

#### ODE IV.

**Ver. 2.** Madame Dacier observes, that the ancients, by way of indulgence, used to repose themselves on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers.

**Ver. 7.** Seneca, in his Hercules Furens, Act 1. Scene 2. Ver. 177. has the same sentiment.

—*Properat cursu*

*Vita citato, volucrique die*

*Rota precipitis vertitur anni.*

With rapid motion, never at a stay,

Life swiftly posts along, and, day by day,

The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

}

## Ver. 14. Anthologia, Book 7.

Ἐν ζωοῖς τα τερπνα τα Κυπρίδος εν δ' Αχερούῃ  
Οστα καὶ σποδην, παρθενε, κεισομεθα.

Phillis, while living, let us life employ  
In the soft transports of Idalian joy:  
For when we die, (and die, alas! we must)  
All that remains is ashes, bones, or dust.

*Nos ubi decidimus  
Quo pius Eneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,  
Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

Hor.

But to the dreary realms below  
Who sink, must no return for ever know!  
Enroll'd among the mighty dead,  
Our body will be dust, our soul a shade.

Duncombe.

There are two epigrams in the second book of the Anthologia, very similar to this passage of Anacreon:

Καὶ πινε, καὶ τερπνα, Δημοκράτες\* καὶ γαρ εἰς αει  
Πιομεθ', οὐδ αἰει τερψιος ἐξομιθα.  
Καὶ στεφαγης κεφαλος πυκασωμεθα, καὶ μυρισωμειν  
Αυτης, πριν τυμβοις ταυτα φερενι ἐτερης.  
Νυν εν εμοι πιετω μεθυ το πλεον οσεα τάμα.  
Νεκρα δε Διυκαλιων αυτα κατακλυσατω..

Drink and rejoice; for let us wisely think,  
My friend, we must not always laugh and drink:  
Our heads we'll crown with flowers and rich perfumes  
Before they're vainly lavish'd on our tombs.  
Cares and anxieties I now resign,  
Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.  
When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,  
Drench my cold carcase in a wat'ry flood.

¶

Με μύρα, μη σεφανύς λιθίνας σπλαστι: χαριζε,  
Μηδὲ το πυρ φλεξης\* εις κενον ἡ δαπαγη.  
Ζωγτι μοι, ειτι θελεις χαριζαι.

On the cold tombs no fragrant unguents shed,  
No flowery chaplets unavailing spread,  
Nor kindle living lamps to light the dead.  
Vain are these honours; rather while I live,  
To me the sweet, the rich oblation give.

{

Of these customs of the ancients of pouring sweet unguents on the tombs of the dead, and crowning them with flowers, &c. see Potter's Antiquities.

Ver. 22. The ancients believed, that the happy souls in the Elysian fields enjoyed those pleasures which they most delighted in when living. Thus Virgil,

*Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.*

Those raise the song divine, and these advance  
In measur'd steps to form the soleinu dance.

Pitts.

Tibullus, Book 1. Eleg. 3.

*Sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper amori,  
Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios :  
Hic chorea, cantus vident, &c.*

Then love my ghost (for love I still obey'd)  
Will grateful usher to the' Elysian shade :  
There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail,  
There soothing music floats on every gale ;  
There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,  
And, wildly-pleasing, swell the general lay :  
There every hedge, untaught, with cassia blooms,  
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes ;  
There every mead a various plenty yields ;  
There lavish Flora paints the purple fields :

With ceaseless light a brighter Phœbus glows,  
 No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows;  
 But youths associate with the gentle fair,  
 And, stung with pleasure, to the shades repair:  
 With them love wanders wheresoe'er they stray,  
 Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play;  
 But chief the constant few, by death betray'd,  
 Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

*Gratnger.*

I hope the reader will not think this quotation tedious, as the passage is admirably translated, and contains a beautiful description of Elysium.

#### ODE V.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, of which there needs no other proof than this Ode of Anacreon, and likewise the fifty-third, where he praises this beautiful flower with the greatest address and delicacy. The Romans equally valued it. Horace says,

*Huc vina et unguenta, et nimium breves  
 Flores amana ferre jube rosea.*

Here wine, and oil, and roses bring,  
 Too short-liv'd daughters of the spring.

*Duncombe.*

His complaint of the shortness of the rose's duration is an artful and delicate manner of praising that flower.

Ver. 5. The ancients used wreaths of flowers, and perfumes, at their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

## ODE VI.

This Ode, in the original, bears the same title as the former, Εἰς γόδον, 'On the Rose.' But, as it is universally agreed to be a mistake of the copyists, the editors of Anacreon have given it various appellations. Barnes calls it *Kωμος*, which he translates *Festivitas amatoria*, 'The Festival of Love.' Dr. Trapp entitles it *Συμποσιον, Convivium*, 'The Banquet.' Madame Dacier would have it called 'The Masquerade:' but I agree with Longepierre, who thinks it ought to be styled 'The Party of Pleasure.'

Ver. 4. The thyrsus was a spear enriched with wreaths of ivy, and sometimes of vine-leaves. It was used as a weapon by those who attended the revels of Bacchus.

Ver. 10. Mr. Longepierre quotes a most beautiful epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, near the end, similar to this passage; which, I think, cannot have justice done it in an English translation :

Κερη τις μ' εφίλησε ποθησπερα χειλεσιν ὕγροις·  
Νικταρ επη το φιλημα το γαρ σομα νεκταρος επηγει.  
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν του ερωτα πεπικχως.

Phyllis the gay, in robe of beauty dress'd,  
Late on my lips a humid kiss impress'd;  
The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,  
For in her amorous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.  
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!  
My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

Ver. 12. Προχεων λιγναν ομφη, 'pouring a liquid sound.' The expression is very delicate. Horace has something like it, Ode 24. B. 1.

*Cui liquidam pater vocem cum citharâ dedit.*

Who shar'st from Jove the melting voice and lyre.

*Duncombe.*

Ver. 14. The ancient poets always represented Bacchus young and beautiful. So Ovid, Metam. book 4. ver. 17.

— *Tibi enim inconsumpta juventas,  
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto  
Conspiceris calo : tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,  
Virgineum caput est* —

To thee eternity of youth is giv'n ;  
Unrivall'd in thy bloom thou shin'st in heav'n :  
Conceal thy horns, and every charming grace  
Of virgin beauty brightens in thy face.

#### ODE VII.

Ver. 2. Madame Dacier and Barnes thought *λαξιθήν* might signify the colour of the wand or rod ; but as the hyacinth is no where described to be of any colour, the interpretation will not hold good. The thought is poetical, and worthy of Anacreon, to suppose Cupid's wand adorned with little wreaths of that delicate flower tied round it. Or perhaps, by *λαξιθήν γαζδω*, the poet meant only a single hyacinth ; for *γαζδως* may signify the stalk or stem of a flower : and then the moral of this charming Ode will latently inculcate the irresistible force of love, in whose hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows that are tipped with fire.

A late right reverend author, much admired for the elegance of his writings, seems to have had an eye to this Ode when he composed the following lines on a fan :

Flavia the least and slightest toy  
 Can with resistless art employ :  
 This fan, in meaner hands, would prove  
 An engine of small force in love ;  
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,  
 Not to be told or safely seen,  
 Directs its wanton inotions so,  
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow :  
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
 To every other breast a flame.

Ver. 8. His being stung by a serpent, as Madame Dacier observes, was to punish his insensibility, and to show that love, if he would submit to his dominion, would take him under his protection.

## ODE VIII.

Ver. 8. Lyæus was a name given to Bacchus. It is derived from the word *λυειν*, to loose or free, because wine frees the mind from anxieties.

Ver. 15. Madame Dacier commends the delicacy and beauty of this Ode, though in her translation all the spirit evaporates. The two last lines

*Μεμενωμένος δ' ὁ τλημων Παλιν οὐελον καθηυδην,*  
 Thus miserably left alone, I wish'd to sleep again ;

she has rendered thus : ' *Etant donc tout triste de me voir ainsi demeuré seul, je ne trouvai point de meilleure consolation, que de me remettre à dormir.*' There are some beautiful lines in Ovid's Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, as Mr. Pope has taught her to speak, which will elucidate this passage of Anacreon.

O night ! more pleasing than the brightest day,  
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,

And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!  
But when with day the sweet delusions fly,  
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
And close my eyes, to dream of you again.

## ODE IX.

Faber says of this Ode, that it does not seem to be the work of one man only, but that the Graces joined in concert with the Muses to finish this beautiful little piece.

To understand it properly, we must remember, that it was a custom among the ancients, when they undertook long journeys, and were desirous of sending back any news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of these birds loose, with letters fastened to its neck: the bird, once released, would never cease its flight till it arrived at its nest and young ones. The same custom still obtains among the Turks, and in several eastern countries. Longepierre has a quotation from *Ælian*, book 6. chap. 7. which proves that the crow, *Kogwñ*, was sometimes employed in this office. The passage may be thus translated: 'In Egypt, near the lake Myris, the natives show the monument of a crow, of which they give the following account: that it was brought up by one of their kings called Marrhes, whose epistles it carried, wheresoever he pleased, with greater expedition than the swiftest of his messengers: that, when he gave his orders, it immediately understood which way to direct its flight, through what country to

pass, and where to stop. To recompense these services, when it died, Marrhes honoured it with a monument and an epitaph.'

Ver. 6. 'The Greeks perfumed their birds, as we perfume our lap-dogs.' *Madame Dacier.*

Ver. 12. Bathyllus was a young Samian of great beauty, and admired by Anacreon. See Ode 29th. Horace has taken notice of this passion :

*Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo  
Anacreonta Teium,  
Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem,  
Non elaboratum ad pedem.*

Epod. 14.

Such was the fate Anacreon prov'd,  
So fondly he Bathyllus lov'd,  
Accustom'd his complaints to suit  
In easy measures to the lute.

*Duncombe.*

This youth was also a favourite of Polycrates, who erected a statue to him that represented Apollo playing upon the lyre.

Ver. 15, 16. The poet could not pay himself a more delicate compliment, than by saying that Venus, the mother of the Graces, was glad to purchase a little hymn of his composing at the price of one of her favourite doves. This passage is a proof, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods; which are all lost, except, perhaps, part of the 50th and 52d Odes to Bacchus, the 58th to Cupid, the 60th to Diana, and the 64th to Apollo. The 62d Ode is also a hymeneal hymn.

Ver. 35. The dove praises the liberality of his master for admitting him to drink of the same wine as himself; which was an indulgence the ancients never allowed to any but their favourites. Thus

Homer introduces Achilles entertaining Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix, *Iliad* 9. ver. 202.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,  
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.  
Then thus—<sup>1</sup> Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,  
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.  
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.<sup>2</sup>

*Pope.*

ODE X. -

The commentators observe, that Anacreon makes this young countryman speak in the Doric dialect, which was the most rustic; to ridicule the unpoliteness of a person who could be so insensible of the charms of love, as to wish to part with his images.

Ver. 11. In the Greek, the price offered is a drachm, an Attic coin, value about seven-pence halfpenny English.

Ver. 16. Barnes observes, that it was usual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them. The modern Indians chastise their idols with scourges, whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a passage in the seventh Idyllium of Theocritus, similar to this of our poet; where a person, after having made his supplication to the god Pan, pleasantly enough threatens him:

Ἐ: δ' αλλως τευσαίς, καὶ μεριχρωτὸν οὐνυχεσσοις  
Δακνομένος κνασσαίο, κ. τ. λ.

But may'st thou, if thou dar'st my boon deny,  
Torn by fell claws on beds of nettles lie;  
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole,  
Where Heber's waves down Edon's mountains roll;  
And in the scorching heats of summer glow,  
Where under Blemyan rocks Nile's boiling waters flow.

## ODE XI.

That natural facility of thought, and that sweet simplicity of expression, which are so deservedly admired in the writings of Anacreon, abound in the original of this beautiful Ode. Horace gives us his true character, when he tells us he wrote, '*non elaboratum ad pedem*,' in unlaboured verse; verse that flows with so much ease, that it seems to have cost him no care or trouble. He played upon his lyre, and the numbers came; therefore he says of him in another place:

*Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,  
Delevit atas —————*

Hor. lib. 4. Od. 9.

———— And blithe Anacreon's sportive lay  
Still lives, in spite of time's destructive sway.

Duncombe.

We have an imitation of this Ode in an epigram of Palladas, in the 47th chapter of the 2d book of the Anthologia.

Γεραλεον με γυναικες αποσκιωπίστι, λεγοντες  
    Ἐις το κιτοπίρην ὄραν λειψανον ἡλίσκεται,  
Αλλ' εγώ ει λεικης φρεσω τριχας, ειστε μελαινας,  
    Ουκ αλεγω βιοτη προς τελος εξχονενος  
Ευδμοις δε μυροισι, και ευπείπηλοις σεφανοισι,  
    Και βρημιψ τακω φρονίδας αργαλεας.

To me the wanton girls insulting say,  
‘Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey?’  
Just on the verge of life, ‘tis equal quite,  
Whether my locks are black, or silver white;  
Roses around my fragrant brows I’ll twine,  
And dissipate anxieties in wine.

Ver. 6. The hair was always esteemed by the ancients the principal ornament of beauty. Apu-

leius has this remarkable passage in the second book of his Milesiacks : ' Even Venus herself, if she was destitute of hair, though surrounded by the Graces and Loves, would not have charms to please her own husband Vulcan.' Longepierre quotes a passage from Petronius, where Eumolpus calls the hair the chief grace of beauty :

*Quod summum formæ decus, cecidere capilli,  
Vernantesque comas tristis abegit hyems.  
Nunc umbrū nudata sùd jam tempora marent,  
Areaque attritis nitet adusta pills.  
O fallax natura déum! quæ prima dédisti  
Ætati nostræ gaudia, prima rapis.  
In felix modo crinibus nitetas  
Phæbo pulchrior, et sorore Phæbi:  
At nunc lèvior ære, vel rotundo  
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,  
Ridentes fugis et times puellas.  
Ut mortem citius ventre credas,  
Scito jam capitis perisse partem.*

Fall'n is thy hair, for woeful winter hoar  
Has stol'n thy bloom, and beauty is no more ;  
Thy temples mourn their shadly honours shorn,  
Parch'd like the fallow, destitute of corn.  
Fallacious gods ! whose blessings can betray ;  
What first ye give us, first ye take away.  
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,  
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,  
Now view'st, alas ! thy forehead smooth and plain  
As the roand fungns, daughter of the rain ;  
Smooth as the surface of well-polish'd brass,  
And fly'st with fear each laughter-loving lass.  
Death bastes amain ; thy wretched fate deplore ;  
Fall'n is thy hair, and beauty is no more.

## ODE XII.

Ver. 6. The poet very judiciously endeavours to terrify the swallow with the mention of Tereus,

whose palace, as the ancients have remarked, was carefully avoided by those birds. Pliny says, ‘*Arx Regum Thraciae, à Terei nefasto crimine intrisa Hirundinibus.*’ See also Solinus. From this passage of Anacreon it should seem, that Philomela was changed into a swallow, and not Progne, as Ovid, and others, have asserted.

Ver. 10. Madam Dacier says, that this passage, and another in the eighth Ode—

Intent on love, I strive to greet  
The gamesome girls with kisses sweet;  
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,  
Wake, and behold! 'tis all a dream—

undoubtedly furnished Horace with that beautiful sentiment in the first Ode of the fourth book :

*Nocturnis te ego somnis  
Jam captum teneo; jam volucrem sequor  
Te per gramina Martii  
Campi, te per aquas, dure volubiles.*

Which Mr. Pope has admirably imitated :

Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,  
Absent I follow through the' extended dream;  
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,  
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;  
And swiftly shoot along the mail,  
Or softly glide by the canal,  
Now shorn by Cynthia's silver ray,  
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Argentarius imitates this passage in an epigram, in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins,

Ορνι, τι μοι φιλούν ὑπνοις αφηρεσας; πῶν δε Πυρρής  
Ειδωλον κοιτης ωχετ' αποκταμειυσυ.

Invidious swallow, with thy horrid scream  
 Why hast thou wak'd me from so sweet a dream?  
 Stunn'd by thy noise, fair Pyrrha, like the wind,  
 Flew from my arms, just yielding to be kind.

Agathias has also imitated it in an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Πασεν γυν την νυκτα κινυρομαι· εντε δ' επελθη  
 Ορθρος, ελιπυσαι μικρα χαριζομενος.  
 Αμφιπειρτρυζεσι χελιδονις· εις δε με δεκου  
 Βαλλυσι, γλυκερον καιρα παρασταμενα.  
 Ω φθονειαι πανυσασθε λαλητριδες· και γαρ γυνε  
 Την φιλομηλειαν γλωσσαν απιθριστεμιν.  
 Αλλ' Ιτυλον κλαιοιστε κατ' θρησ, και γοσιτε,  
 Εις αιπος, χρανανη αυλιν εφεζομενα,  
 Βασον ινα κνωσσειμεν· ισως; δε τις ηξει ονειρος  
 'Ος μι Ροδανθειοις πεχεσιν αμφιβαλος.

All night I sigh, with cares of love oppress'd,  
 And when the morn indulges balmy rest,  
 These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,  
 Recal my sorrows, and prevent my sleep;  
 Cease, envions birds, your plaintive tales to tell,  
 I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.  
 In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,  
 Pay all the tributary grief you owe }  
 To Itys, in an elegy of woe.  
 Me, leave to sleep: in visionary charms,  
 Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

#### ODE XIII.

Ver. 2. A young Phrygian of great beauty, beloved by Cybele, the mother of the gods, who made him her priest, on condition that he should live chaste: but he broke his vow, and as a punishment, she afflicted him with madness; in the transports of which, he deprived himself of the distinc-

tion of his sex, and would have killed himself, had not Cybele, moved with compassion, transformed him into a pine-tree.

Ver. 5. Claros was a city of Ionia, near Colophon, rendered famous for a fountain consecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an account of it in the second book of his Annals; where, speaking of Germanicus, he says, ‘*Apellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis oraculo uteretur. Non femina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis è familiis, et ferme Miletō accersitus sacerdos, numerum modo consultantium et nomina audit: tum in specum degressus, haustâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque literarum et carminum, edit responsa versibus compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit.*’—He landed at Colophon, to consult the oracle of Apollo at Claros. The person that delivers the oracles there, is not a woman, as at Delphos; but a man selected out of certain families, and frequently from Miletus. This priest only inquires the number and names of those that consult the deity. After that, having entered his grotto, and drank of the mysterious water, he answers the question of his inquirers in verse, though he is generally illiterate, and unacquainted with the muses.

Ver. 6. The Greek is *δαφνηφόρος*, ‘laurel-wearing Phœbus;’ because when Daphne escaped his pursuit by being changed into a laurel, he consecrated that tree to himself. *Ovid. Metamorph.*

*Cui Deus, At quoniam conjux mea non potes esse,  
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea; semper habebunt  
Te soma, te citharae, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ.*

To whom the God—‘ Because thou can’t not be  
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree :  
 Be thou the prize of honour and renown ;  
 The deathless poet and the poem crown.’

*Dryden.*

ODE XIV.

The subject of this Ode is to show the irresistible nature of love. In this little piece, Anacreon discovers a wonderful delicacy of invention. Nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this combat, the preparation for it, the issue of it, and that natural and admirable reflection with which it concludes.

Ver. 12. Anacreon arms himself with a spear and shield, to contend with love. In an ancient epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7, we have an account of a combatant, who put on the breast-plate of reason, to withstand the attacks of this dangerous enemy.

Ωπλισμαις προς ερωτα περι σεργοισι λογισμοι,  
 Ουδε με νικησει, μνος εων προς ένα.  
 Θυατος δ' αθανατω συνελευσομαι· ην δε βοηθον  
 Βακχον εχη, τι μονος προς δν' εγω δυναμαι ;  
 With love I war, and reason is my shield ;  
 Nor ever, match’d thus equally, will yield :  
 If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds ;  
 One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Ver. 19, 20. The author of an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia, complains, in like manner, that love had exhausted his quiver by shooting at him.

Μητε τις ατηξει Ποθε βελδς· ισδοκην γαρ  
 Εις εμε λαβρος Ερως εξεκευσεν έλην.

tiful, and passionately admired by her husband. In his vanity, he extolled her charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her beauty, determined to show her to him naked ; which he effected, but not without the queen's discovering the affront ; who next morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaules, and take her and the kingdom of Lydia for his recompense. The choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his master : however, the love of life prevailed—he stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and took possession of the kingdom.

Ver. 8. There is an epigram in the second book of the Anthologia, that has the same turn :

Πάνε, καὶ εὐφραίνετε γαρ οὐρανού, η τε το, μέλλον,  
 Οὐδεὶς γιγνωσκετε μη τρέχετε, μη κοπτετε.  
 Ως δυνασται χαρισται, μεταδοται, Φαγετε, θυμται λογιζεται,  
 Το ζητηται μη ζητηται ηδειν ηλωται απετεχεται.  
 Πας, ο βιος; τοιος δε, ροπην μονον αγ προλαβεται τις.  
 Αν δε θαυμης, έτερη παντα, συ δ' ηδειν εχεται.

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,  
 And drink—to-morrow is a distant day :  
 Improve on time; to bliss each moment give ;  
 Not to enjoy this life, is not to live :  
 Our goods are now our own ; but when we die  
 They come to others, whilst in dust we lie,  
 And then, alas ! have nothing to enjoy. }

Horace expresses himself in the same manner.  
 Book 1. Ode 9.

*Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere : et  
 Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro*

*Appone: nec dulces amores  
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;  
Dum virenti canities abest  
Morosa —*

To-morrow and her works defy ;  
Lay hold upon the present hour,  
And snatch the pleasures passing by,  
To put them out of fortune's pow'r :  
Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain,  
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

*Dryden.*

ODE XVI.

Ver. 1. Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles, the son of Oedipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government; though they had previously agreed, after their father's death, to rule alternately year by year. Æschylus wrote a tragedy on this subject.

Ver. 3. Ovid has imitated this passage—Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

*Vincor, et ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,  
Resque domi gestas, et mea bella cano.*

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious strain  
Of arms and war, to sing of love again :  
My themes are acts which I myself have done,  
And my muse sings no battles but my own.

Ver. 9. Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love, *ακούτις ηρες ερωτω* : and there is something similar to this, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7.—which, speaking of love, says,

*Οὐ με λιληθας,  
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομεγος.*

Insidious archer, not unseen you lie,  
Though ambush'd close in Zenophelia's eye.

## ODE XVII.

This elegant Ode is quoted by Gellius, who says it was sung and played upon instruments at an entertainment where he was present.

Ver. 9. The poet alludes to the constellations, which Vulcan described on the shield of Achilles. See Homer's Iliad, Book 18.

There shone the image of the master mind :  
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd ;  
 Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round,  
 The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd,  
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team,  
 And great Orion's more resplendent beam,  
 To which, around the axle of the sky,  
 The Bear revolving points his golden eye,  
 Still shines exalted on the' ethereal plain,  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

*Pope.*

Ver. 10. Anacreon calls Orion, *συγγον*, ' odious,' because he is the forerunner of tempests, and therefore dreadful to mariners. Horace calls him *infestus*, Epode 15.

*Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infestus Orion.*  
 As long as wolves pursue the fearful sheep,  
 And stern Orion rages o'er the deep.

## ODE XVIII.

Ver. 19. It is not without reason that Anacreon, after having mentioned Venus, introduces Love among the Graces; being sensible, that, though beauty alone might please, yet, without the aid of other charms, it could not long captivate the heart.

Καλλος αγεν χαριτων τερψει μονον' ει κατεχει δε,  
 'Ως ατερ αγαστρει τηχομενον δελεσαρ.

Beauty without the Graces may impart  
 Charnis that will please, not captivate the heart;  
 As splendid baits without the bearded hook  
 Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

**Ver. 23.** The poet desires that Apollo may not be described upon his bowl, because he was so unfortunate as to kill his favourite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

#### ODE XIX.

**Ver. 5.** The original is, Πνη θαλασσα δ' ανερει, 'The sea drinks up the air.' All the commentators are silent here, except Dr. Trapp, who owns he did not understand the expression. Might I venture to make an easy alteration of the text, I would read, Πνη θαλασσ' αναυρει, 'The sea drinks up the rivers.' See *Ode vii. Δια δ' ὀζεων μ' αναυρειν*, 'Through rapid rivers,' or 'torrents.' It is likewise used in the same sense by the best authors. Moschus, *Idyllium ii. 31.* See also Hoelzlinus on Apollonius Rhodius, Book 1. 9. This emendation makes the sense full and complete.

**Ver. 10.** The moon is said to drink up the sun, because she borrows her light from that luminary.

#### ODE XX.

**Ver. 4.** Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom (according to Homer) having six sons and six daughters, she became so proud of her offspring and high birth, that she had the vanity to prefer herself to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the affront offered to their parent, in one day slew all her

children ; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, and remained stupid. For that reason, the poets have feigned her to be turned into a stone. The story is told by Ovid in the sixth book of the Metamorphoses ; but, perhaps, better by Pope, in his translation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, where Achilles is introduced thus speaking to Priam :

Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,  
The common cares that nourish life torego.  
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,  
A parent once whose sorrows equal'd thine ;  
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ;  
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,  
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain :  
So was her pride chasti's'd by wrath divine,  
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line :  
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd ;  
Those boasted twelve the' avenging two destroy'd.  
Steep'd in their blood and in the dust outspread,  
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;  
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,  
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone)  
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave  
The' unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)  
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;  
Where, round the bed whence Achelous springs,  
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,  
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow  
She stands her own sad monument of woe ;  
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }  
Pope.

There are two short epigrams in the Anthologia, which perhaps the reader will be glad to see in English.

‘Ο τυμβός δύτος ενδον οὐκ εχεί νεκρού.

‘Ο νεκρός δύτος εκτος οὐκ εχεί ταφού.

Αλλ’ αυτος αυτε νεκρός εστι καὶ ταφος.

This weeping tomb within no corse contains;  
This weeping corse without a tomb remains:  
For, by a strange irrevocable doom,  
This image is the carcase and the tomb.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τευχαν λιθον\* εἰκεὶ λιθοῖο  
Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης εμπαλιν προγασταῖο.

I once was Niobe, and fill'd a throne,  
Till fate severe transform'd me into stone:  
Behold the change which mimic art can give!  
From stone Praxiteles has made me live.

I cannot conclude my notes on this Ode without first observing, that this gallant original has been copied by several masters. I shall produce one example, because it is the shortest, which is an epigram of Dionysius the sophist.

Εἰθ' ανεμος γενομην, σὺ δε γε στεγχυσα παρ' αυγας,  
Σπηθια γυμνωσαις, και με τηνοντα λαβοις.

Ειθισ δοδον γενομην ἐποποδρυσον, οφρα με χερσιν  
Αραμειν, κομισαις σπηθισ χιονεοις.

Ειθεκρινον γενομην λευκαχεσον, οφρα με χερσιν  
Αραμειν, μαλλον σης χροτιν κοξεσης.

I wish myself a gentle breeze to blow,  
O'er your fair bosom unconfin'd I'd flow,  
And wanton on those little hills of snow.

I wish myself a rose in purple dress'd,  
That you might place me on your snowy breast.

I wish myself a lily, lovely fair,  
That I might kiss your skin, and gather whiteness there.

}

#### ODE XXI.

Ver. 2. The Greek is, *πεινεν αμυστις*. Amystis, as Madame Dacier observes, was a manner of

drinking among the Thracians, so called from their swallowing down a certain quantity of liquor without fetching breath, or shutting the mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 39.

*Neu multi Damalis meri  
Bassum Threicla vincat amystide.*

Bassus shall Damalis o'ercome,  
And drain the goblet at a draught.

*Duncombe.*

Ver. 9. The reflection the poet here makes is exceedingly natural, beautiful, and strong; ' When love has once got possession of the heart, all exterior remedies will have no effect,' agreeably to the conclusion of the fourteenth ode :

All defence to folly turns,  
When within the battle burns.

#### ODE XXII.

This Ode is by Anacreon addressed to Bathyllus; but the translator has, with more decency and gallantry, applied it to a lady.

Ver. 10. The original is, Πηγὴ πειθαί, ' a Fountain rolling Persuasion,' than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as most of the commentators have observed.

Longepierre quotes a beautiful epigram from the Anthologia, Book 1. similar to this Ode; where the god Pan is supposed to speak.

Ἐχει καὶ κατ' εμαν ἴδει τιτυν, ἀ το μιλιχρον  
Πρεσ μαλακης γχει κεκλιμενα ζερυζε.  
Ην δε καὶ κρηνομα μελισαγει, ειθα μελισδων  
\*Ηδην ερημασαις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Rest here, beneath my shady pine reclin'd,  
Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind ;  
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,  
And woos me with its ever-gurgling song ;  
Here on my solitary pipe I play,  
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

## ODE XXIII.

One cannot but be surprised at the wretched taste of Faber, who has rejected this Ode as spurious, and not Anacreon's, when perhaps it is not inferior in beauty to the best of them; as Barnes and Trapp have amply proved by explaining a Greek idiom, with which it is scarce worth while to trouble the English reader.

Ver. 3. 4. These words seem to allude to an anecdote in the history of Anacreon, which I shall explain. Stobæus tells us, that Anacreon, having received a present of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so embarrassed with cares and solicitudes about his treasure, that he could not sleep for two nights successively : Whereupon he sent back the present, with this apology to his patron, ' That, however valuable the sum might be, it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it.'

## ODE XXIV.

Ver. 7. Tibullus says, *Ite procul durum care genus, ite labores.*

Hence all ye troubles, vanish into air,  
And all the wrinkled family of care.

Macedonius concludes an epigram with this distich, Anthologia, Book 1.

Την γαρ Ανακρεούτος ενι ταρρωπίδεσσι Φυλασσω  
Παρφαστην, δτι δει φροντίδα μη κυτεχειν.

I like Anacreon's counsel wondrous well,  
To let no troubles in my bosom dwell.

Ver. 13, 14. Julian, in an epitaph he composed on Anacreon, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead.

Πολλακι μετ τοδ' αἰσια, και ει τυμῆσθε δε βοησω·  
Πεντε, τῷρι ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονι.

What oft alive I sang, now dead I cry,  
Loud from the tomb, ' Drink, mortals, ere you die.'

## ODE XXV.

Ver. 1, 2.

*Dissipat Evius curas edaces.*

Hor. B. 2. 11.

The enlivening god will sordid care refine.

*Duncombe.*

—neque aliter

*Mordaces diffugunt sollicitudines.*

B. 1. 12.

'Tis wine, wine alone, that can drown every care.

*Duncombe.*

## ODE XXVI.

This Ode, as Longepierre observes, is in the same style as the two preceding, and the next ensuing. There is a fragment of Bacchylides remaining, which has great affinity to these four, but chiefly to this very Ode.

Γλυκις αγηγκη σευομε. ἐ κυλικων  
Θαλπηστι Μυμον Κυπριδος·  
Ἐλπις δ' αιθυσσει φρεγας  
Αγαμηγυμενα Διογυστοισι δωρεις·

Ανδρασι δ' ἔψησαι  
Πεμπει μεριμνας.  
Αὐλος μεν τολεων  
Κρηδεμνον λυει.  
Πασι δ' ανθρωποις  
Μοναρχησει δοκει.  
Χρυση δ' ελεφαγη τε  
Μαρμαρησιν οικοι.  
Πυροφορος δε κατ' αιγληνια  
Νηις αγρσιν απ' Αιγυπτιν  
Μηγιζον τωλησι,  
Ως τωνοιος δρματιγει κιαρ.

When the rosy bowl we drain,  
Gentle love begins to reign:  
Hope, to human hearts benign,  
Mingles in the friendly wine,  
And with pleasing visions fair  
Sweetly dissipates our care.  
Warm with wine we win renown,  
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,  
Reign the mighty lords of all,  
And in fancy rule the ball:  
Then our villas charm the sight,  
All with gold and ivory bright;  
Ships with corn from Egypt come,  
Bearing foreign treasures home:  
Thus each bliss that fills the soul,  
Luxuriant rises from the bowl.

## Ver. 5, 6.

*Pastores hederā crescentem ornate poetam.*

Virg.

With ivy wreaths your youthful poet crown.

On which passage Servius remarks, that poets are crowned with ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals; or because ivy, being an evergreen, is a

symbol of that eternity which they acquire by their compositions. Horace says,

*Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium  
Dis miscent superis.*

An ivy-crown ennobles me,  
Whose darling joy is poetry.

*Duncombe.*

#### ODE XXVII.

Ver. 5, 6. In the forty-first Ode, Anacreon calls Bacchus, *τὸν εὐεργέταν χορεῖας*, 'The inventor of dancing.' So Tibullus,

*Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu ;  
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.*

L. 1. Eleg. 7.

This as swains quaff'd spontaneous numbers came,  
They prais'd the festal cask; and hymn'd thy name;  
All ecstasy! to certain time they bound,  
And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.

*Grainger.*

#### ODE XXVIII.

Ver. 10. Neither the Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one particular colour of the hair more than another! for we find both black and light colour equally admired.

Ver. 19, 20. Baxter, Barnes, and Stephens, trifle ridiculously on this passage. The Greek, *ὑγροί*, is *humid*. Madame Dacier judiciously observes, 'That eyes, in which there is the least degree of humidity, are uncommonly vivid and full of fire.'

Ver. 25. The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the 'lips of persuasion.' Anthol. B. 7.

Καλλος τχεις Κυπριδος, πενθεις σομα, σομα και ακμη  
Ειασινων αργων.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are yours,  
And the fresh beauty of the vernal hours.

Ver. 30. The Greek is, *Λυγδινω*, that is, *marble*; from Lygdos, a place in the island of Paros, famous for the finest marble. Trapp.

Ver. 53, 54. Ovid has a similar passage in the first Book of the Metamorphoses, V. 500.

—*laudat digitosque manusque,  
Brachiaque, et nudos mediū plus parte lacertos ;  
Si qua latent meliora putat.*—

—He view'd  
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast :  
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,  
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.

Dryden.

#### ODE XXIX.

Ver. 7, 8. Anacreon describes the hair of Bathyllus black towards the head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. Horace calls this colour Myrrheus, ' *Myrrheum nodo cohære crinem*' Book 3. Ode 14. On which an ancient critic remarks, ' *Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui mediis est inter flavum et nigrum*' — Even at this day they call that hair of a myrrh colour, which is between black and yellow. Ovid describes the colour of his mistress's hair thus, Amor. L. 1. Eleg. 14.

—*Nec tamen eter erat, nec erat color aureis illis ;  
Sed quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color :  
Qualem clivosa madidis in vallibus Idæ  
Ardua, direpto cortice, cedrus habet.*

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue  
 They were, but of a dye between the two:  
 Such as in rindless cedar we behold,  
 The black confounded with the dusky gold.

Ver. 9, 10. Petronius says, ‘*Crines ingenio suo flexi, per totos se humeros effuderant*:—‘ Her hair, negligently floating where it pleased, diffused itself over her shoulders.’

Ver. 25. Meleager, as Longepierre observes, calls his mistress ἡδὺ πόδον πειθεῖς, ‘*The sweet Rose of Persuasion.*’ Anthologia.

Ver. 43, 44. The poet could not give us a more perfect idea of the beauty of this young Samian. He tells the painter, ‘ If he would draw a good likeness of Bathyllus, he must copy the portrait of Apollo, the most beautiful of the gods; and if he would make a good picture of Apollo, he must paint Bathyllus.’

Ver. 45. Bathyllus had a celebrated statue erected to his honour at Samos by Polycrates. See Apuleius.

#### ODE XXX.

This Ode is very fine, and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe Anacreon would inculcate, that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself.

*Madame Dacier.*

Ver. 5, 6. Moschus, in his ‘ Run-away Love,’ makes Venus offer a reward to any one who should only discover where he was:

—‘Ο μανύτας γερας εἶπε  
 Μισθος τοι το φιλαμα το Κυπρίδος.—

Whoever shall bring the news, his fee is this;  
I, Venus, will reward him with a kiss.

## ODE XXXI.

Ver. 5. Alcmæon was the son of Amphiaraüs and Eriphyle. His father had been put to death by the contrivance of his mother; whom, on that account, he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra, to revenge the death of his father Agamemnon; who, at his return from the Trojan war, had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus. They were both tormented by the furies.

Ver. 12. Iphytus was the son of Eurytus king of Æchalia, and slain by Hercules, who carried off his bow.

Ver. 15. When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a flock of sheep, which he took for so many Grecians, first slew them, and then himself. Homer celebrates his shield for its extraordinary size. *Iliad*, Book 7.

Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast  
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.

*Pope.*

Ver. 17. Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents, (see *Iliad* 7.) which gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal:' for Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself; and Hector was dragged, by the belt which Ajax gave him, at the chariot of Achilles.

There is an epigram to this purpose, *Anthol.* B. 3. C. 14.

*Ἐκτωρ Αἰαγτὶ ξιφος ωπασεν· Ἐκτορὶ δ' Αἰας  
Ζωγηρ, αμφοτερων τῇ χαρὶς εἰς Θανάτον.*

Hector bestowed on Telamon the brave  
 A sword; the Greek to godlike Hector gave  
 A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,  
 And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

## ODE XXXII.

Ver. 9. Corinth, the metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich courtesans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the proverb, *Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*, 'Every man cannot go to Corinth.' Laïs asked Demosthenes a thousand drachms for one favour: to which he replied, 'I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.' *Longepierre.*

Ver. 19. Anacreon says of Crete, *απαυτ' εχθσης*, 'abounding with all things,' to express its fertility. Virgil says it had a hundred cities:

*Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,  
 Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.*

Fair Crete sublimely towers amid the floods,  
 Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods;  
 A hundred cities the bless'd isle contains,  
 And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.

*Pitt.*

Homer, in the Iliad, gives Crete a hundred cities, B. 2.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.

But in the Odyssey, only ninety;

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!

And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle.

B. 19.

Therefore, it is probable, that in the time of the Trojan war it had no more than ninety cities, but a hundred in the days of Homer.

## ODE XXXIII.

Ver. 5. It was an opinion generally received among the ancients, that swallows, and several other birds, crossed the sea, on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates. Thus Virgil, *Æneid.* 6. v. 311.

*Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus  
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.*

Thick as the feather'd flocks, in close array,  
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,  
When from the rage of winter they repair  
To warmer suns and more indulgent air. Pitt.

Others thought they hid themselves in the clefts of the rocks. Thus Ovid, *Cum glaciantur aquæ, scopolis se condit hirundo.*

Pecklinius, in his book '*De Aëris et Elementi defectu, et ritu sub aquis,*' assures us, that swallows retire to the bottom of the water during the winter; and that it is common for the fishermen on the coasts of the Baltic to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm room, they will separate, and begin to flutter about as in spring. Kercher, in his book '*De mundo subterraneo,*' affirms the same; and that in the northern countries they hide themselves under ground in the winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre.*

Ver. 6. Memphis was a city situated on the Nile, a little below Delta, and the residence of the kings of Egypt. By the Nile, Anacreon means Ethiopia, whence that river derives its source.

Ver. 8. Anacreon is not singular in representing

Cupid as a bird ; and with propriety, because he is furnished with wings, and his flight is surprisingly rapid. Bion speaks of love as a bird : see his second Idyllium.

## ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 10. Virgil has very happily mixed these two colours, though upon a different occasion, *Æneid.* L. 12. v. 67.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro  
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa  
Alba rosa—*

So looks the beauteous ivory stain'd with red !

So roses mix'd with lilies, in the bed

Blend their rich hues.—

*Pitt.*

## ODE XXXV.

This Ode was composed on a picture representing the rape of Europa. See an Idyllium of Moschus upon the same subject.

## ODE XXXVI.

Ver. 12. A philosopher in Petronius makes the same reflection : *Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non reddituram consumerem* : ‘ Wherever I am, I always enjoy the present day, as if I never expected to see another.’

Ver. 18. Horace says, in the same sense,

*Jam te premet nox, fabulaque manes,  
Et domus exilis Pluto'nia.—*

Too soon cut off from cheerful light,  
We must descend to sullen night ;  
And in the realms of fabled shades below,  
— Thy pining ghost no joy shall know.

*Dunccombe.*

## ODE XXXVII.

Ver. 5. The expression in Greek is extremely delicate and happy. The waves of the sea are mollified into tranquillity : *Απαλυνεται γαληνη*. Every letter, every syllable, is as liquid and smooth as the calm he describes. A famous old Scotch bishop, Gawin Douglas, in his Description of May, seems to have had this passage in view :

For to behald it was ane glore to se  
 The stablylit wyndys and the calmyt se,  
 The soft sessoun, the firmament serene,  
 The loune lilminate are, and firth amene.

Or, as it is translated by Fawkes,

How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold  
 The sea's broad bosom where no billows roll'd:  
 The season soft, the firmament serene,  
 The' illumin'd landscape, and the wat'ry scene !

## ODE XXXVIII.

Ver. 7. In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or sceptre.

Ver. 17. Silenus was the foster-father and tutor of Bacchus, represented by a little, flat-nosed, bald, fat, tun-bellied, old drunken fellow, riding on an ass. Ovid draws his picture thus :

— *Bacchæ satyrique sequuntur,  
 Quique senex ferula titubantes ebrius artus  
 Sustinet, et pando non fortiter haret asello.*

Metamorph. L. 4.

Aronnd the Bacchæ and the Satyrs throng;  
 Bebind, Silenus drunk lags slow along;  
 On his dull ass he nods from side to side.  
 forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.

Eusden.

## ODE XXXIX.

Ver. 3. Anacreon is not the only one who asserts, that Bacchus is the best friend to the muses. If, as Horace says, you give credit to old Cratinus, the comic Greek poet, ' *Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*' ' No verses long can please, or long can live, which water-drinkers write.' There is an epigram in the first book of the *Anthologia*, which begins thus :

Oἶνος τοι χαρίειται μηγας πελει ἵππος αοιδῶ,  
‘Τέλωρ δε πίνων, καλον γ τεκοις επος.

Wine is the poet's generous horse ;  
But water-drinkers' works, of course,  
Are languid, cold, and void of force.

{

Aristophanes, in his comedy called ' Peace,' humorously tells us, that, when the Lacedemonians came to besiege Athens, Cratinus died of grief on seeing a hogshead broken, and the wine running out.

Ver. 7. Horace has expressed himself in the same manner :

— *Tristitiam et metus*  
*Tradam protervis in mare Creticum*  
*Portare ventis—*

Lov'd by the muses, to the wind  
Be all my fears and griefs resign'd,  
To drown them in the Cretan main.

*Duncombe.*

## ODE XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

Ταῦ κλεπταν τοτ' Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the sliest rogue alive,  
Was stealing fragrant honey from the hive,  
A little bee, inflam'd with rage and grief,  
Pierce'd with his sting the finger of the thief.  
He blew the tortur'd han<sup>t</sup>, he stamp'd the ground,  
He ran, and to his mother show'd the wonnd;  
And loud began throngh anguish to complain,  
That a small bee should cause such racking pain.  
Fair Venus smil'd her sobbing son to see,  
And said, 'Thou too art little, like a bee,  
And yet what mighty wounds are made by thee!'

}

Ver. 13. Madame Dacier says, that Anacreon makes Cupid speak in this manner, because, according to the Pagan theology, the language of the gods was different from that of men: but, as Longepierre ingeniously observes, to render a passage of this nature learned, is to make it obscure; for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an infant, who had heard of the stinging of serpents, when he found himself stung by a little creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The labourers might call it a bee, if they pleased; his pain and fright made him persist that it was a serpent.

#### ODE XLI.

Ver. 3, 4. Tibullus says the same. See note on Ode xxvii.

Ver. 8. Madame Dacier supposes this to be the passage on which the opinion, that the Graces were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

Ver. 16. Macedonius, in an epigram in the first

Book of the Anthologia, C. 25, says, that to banish care was a precept of Anacreon:

Την γαρ Ανακρεούτος ενι τραπέδεσσι φυλασσω

Παρφαστινη, ὅτι δει φροντίδα μη κατεχειν.

For still I hold Anacreon's rule the best,

To banish care for ever from my breast.

Ver. 19, 20. Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the necessity of enjoying life, from the brevity and uncertainty of it. Rufinus has an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, Epig. 143, to this purpose :

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,  
Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine;  
Short is the space for human joys;  
What age prevents not, death destroys.

And Martial,

*Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, 'Vivam,'*  
*Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.*

'I'll live to-morrow,' 'tis not wise to say :—  
'Twill be too late to-morrow—live to-day.

#### ODE XLII.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus our poet, in his seventh Epigram, says,

I ne'er can think his conversation good,  
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;  
But his, whose wit the pleasing talk refines,  
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

Ver. 19. The Greek is, Βιον πονηχον Φερωμεν. Anacreon esteemed tranquility the happiest ingredient of life : thus, Ode 39th, he praises the γαληνην βιοτην.

— Life's rural scene,  
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene,

## ODE XLIII.

Ver. 4, 5. Dew is the nourishment of grasshoppers. Thus Virgil, Eclogue 5. ver. 77.

*Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae.*

Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew.

The Greek poets also describe the grasshopper as a musical insect. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

— Τεττιγος επει τυγε φερτερου αδεις.

Thy song is sweeter than the grasshopper's.

Antipater, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1. says,

Αρχει Τεττιγας μιθυσται δροσος, αλλα ωινηις  
Αιδειν κυκνων ειστι γεγυωντεροι.

Inspir'd by dew the grasshoppers rejoice,  
Nor boasts the swan so musical a voice.

Ver. 15. Ælian, writing against those who eat grasshoppers, says, 'They are ignorant how much they offend the muses, the daughters of Jupiter.' Whence it appears, that these animals were esteemed sacred to the muses, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a translation of an epigram from the first book of the Anthologia, Chap. 33. containing a beautiful complaint of a grasshopper against that practice.

Τιπτε με τοι, κ. τ. λ.

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue;

Content with solitude, and rosy dew?

Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail;

I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,

And me they call their summer-nightingale.

3.

See, on your fruits the thrush and blackbird prey !  
 See, the bold starlings steal your grain away !  
 Destroy your foes—why should you me pursue,  
 Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew ?

Ver. 23. The Athenians called themselves Τεττύες, 'grasshoppers,' and some of them wore little grasshoppers of gold in their hair, as badges of honour, to distinguish them from others of later duration ; and likewise as a memorial that they were born of the earth, like those insects.

Ver. 25, 26. Homer represents the gods as free from blood. Speaking of Venus wounded, Book 5, he says,

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
 Such stream as issues from a wounded god ;  
 Pure emanation ! uncorrupted flood !  
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood :  
 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

*Pope.*

#### ODE XLIV.

Nothing can be more politely imagined than this Ode, nor more courtly than the turn of it. ' Behold (says Madame Dacier) one of the finest and most gallant Odes of antiquity ; and if she, for whom it was composed, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce nothing more charming.'

#### ODE XLV.

Mons. Le Fevre was so transported with this Ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

*Felix, ah ! nimium felix, cui carmine tali  
 Fluxit ab Aonis vena beata jugis.  
 Quid melius dictaret amor, risusque joclique,  
 Et cum germanis gratia juncta suis ?*

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd soul  
 Such numbers from the Aonian mountains roll ;  
 More finish'd what could love or laughter write,  
 Or what the Graces dictate more polite !

*John Addison.*

Ver. 2. Lemnos was an island of the Ægean Sea sacred to Vulcan, who, in the first book of the *Iliad*, gives an account of Jupiter's throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that island :

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
 Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal height ;  
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round ;  
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground :  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;  
 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

*Pope.*

Ver. 6. Horace calls it the nectar of Venus ;

— *oscula quæ Venus*  
*Quintæ parte sui nectaris imbuit.*

Lips, which Venus bath'd for joy  
 In her celestial dew.

*Jeffreys.*

Ver. 23, 24. This sentiment is extremely delicate; intimating, that one cannot even touch the darts of Cupid with safety. Moschus concludes his first *Idyllium* with a similar thought :

Perhaps he'll say, ' Alas ! no harm I know,  
 Here take my darts, my arrows, and my bow.'  
 Ah ! touch them not, fallacious is his aim,  
 His darts, his arrows all are tipp'd with flame.

#### ODE XLVI.

Ver. 6.

*Nil tibi nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.*

*Propertius.*

Your noble birth pleads not the cause of love.

Ver. 8. Ovid says the same :

*Aurea sunt verè nunc secula : plurimus auro  
Venis honoris : auro conciliatur amor.*

This is the golden age; all worship gold :  
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.  
Our iron age is grown an age of gold,  
'Tis who bids most; for all men would be sold.

*Dryden.*

Ver. 13. Phocylides, in his Admonitory Poem, ver. 38, &c. seems to have imitated this passage :

*Ἡ φιλοχρυσοσύνη, κ. τ. λ.*  
On sordid avarice various evils wait,  
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.  
O cursed gold ! in whom our woes combine,  
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine ?  
Cause of the parent's curse, of brethren's strife,  
Wars, murders, and all miseries of life.

#### ODE XLVII.

Ver. 8. Longepierre quotes a passage from Guarini, where the same sentiment is expressed, though in a different manner; and which is translated by John Addison.

— *O Corisca mia cara,  
D'anima Linceo e non di forze sono ;  
E'n questo vecchio tronco  
E piu che fosse mai verde il desio.*  
Yes, my Corisca, Linceus is the same,  
Though not in youthful force, in youthful flame :  
Though age and wrinkles on my front appear,  
My heart is green, and love still blossoms there.

#### ODE XLVIII.

Ver. 8. It was customary with the ancients, at their entertainments, to choose a king or master of the revels, who both regulated the size of the

cups, and the quantity each person was to drink. He was generally chosen by the cast of a die.

<i>Nec regna vini fortius talis.</i>	Hor.
No longer by the die's successful cast	
Shalt thou controul the gay repast.	<i>Duncombe.</i>
— <i>Quem Venus arbitrum</i>	
<i>Dicet bibendi—</i>	Lib. 2. Ode 7.
Who, nam'd by Venus, at the jovial board	
The laws of drinking shall prescribe?	<i>Duncombe.</i>

#### ODE XLIX.

Ver. 5. It is probable, that in this Ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace, which Vulcan represented upon the shield of Achilles. *Iliad*, Book 18.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
The image one of peace, and one of war;  
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,  
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;  
Along the streets the new-made brides are led,  
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:  
The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound;  
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row  
Stand in the porches, and enjoy the show. *Pope.*

#### ODE L.

Ver. 4. Homer introduces Helen mixing such a bowl. *Odyssey*, Book 4.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,  
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;  
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to' assuage  
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;  
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,  
And dry the tearful sluices of despair.

Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the exalted mind  
 All sense of woe delivers to the wind. :  
 Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,  
 Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,  
 Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,  
 Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse,  
 From morn to eve, impassive and serene,  
 The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene. .

*Fenton.*

ODE LI.

Ver. 6. There are several epigrams in the fourth Book of the Anthologia, on Venus rising from the sea. I shall give a translation of one of them, beginning,

*Ταῦ τικενυγσταγ, κ. τ. λ.*

Apelles, rapt in sweet surprise,  
 Saw Venus from the ocean rise;  
 What art before could never give,  
 He made the breathing picture live.  
 Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd;  
 Her lovely eyes serenely glow'd;  
 Like two round apples ripe, her breast  
 Rose, gently suing to be press'd.

Ver. 23.

So when bright Venus rises from the flood,  
 Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;  
 The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal shell,  
 And every grace unsung the waves conceal.

*Garth's Disp. Book 6.*

As when sweet Venus, so the fable sings,  
 Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs;  
 With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,  
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies;

Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd.  
The pearly \* conch and silver turtles bound ;  
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

*Tickell, Prosp. of Peace.*

#### ODE LII.

Ver. 3. Homer, in his beautiful description of the Vintage, Book 18, introduces young men and maids employed in the same office.

To this one pathway gently winding leads  
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear  
The purple product of the autumnal year. *Pope.*

#### ODE LIII.

This Ode will be understood by supposing, that Anacreon celebrates a rose, and requests a lyrist to play to his voice.

Ver. 13, 14. The rose was consecrated to the muses. See Sappho.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose  
That on the mountain of Pieria blows.

Ver. 21. The rose is celebrated in the fifth Ode of Anacreon; in a fragment of Sappho; and in the fourteenth Idyllium of Ausonius; in which are the following beautiful lines :

*Quam longa una dies, atas tam longa rosarum,  
Quas pubescentes longa senecta premit :  
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eoūs,  
Hanc veniens sero vespere vidit unum.*

\* In Dodsley's Miscellanies it is by mistake printed 'the pearly couch.' Venus, speaking of a beautiful woman, says,

*Hec et cœruleis mecum consurgere digna  
Fluctibus ; et nostrâ potuit considere conchâ.*

*Statius.*

See ! in the morning blooms the rose !  
 But soon her transient glories close :  
 She opens with the rising day,  
 And with the setting fades away.

*Duncombe.*

Ver. 30. 'Ροδοδάκτυλος, 'rosy-finger'd,' is an epithet frequently used by Homer, and applied to the morning. Dryden also uses it :

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,  
 And from her mantle shakes her tears.

Milton's description of the morning is also very beautiful :

— The Morn,  
 Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light —

*Book 6. ver. 2.*

Ver. 35. It is well known, that the rose is used as an ingredient in the composition of several medicines.

Ver. 37. The ancients used roses in embalming their dead. Venus anoints the body of Hector with unguent of roses, to prevent it from corruption ; Iliad, Book 23.

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,  
 And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance ! shed.  
*Pope.*

They also crowned the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.

Ver. 41. Nothing preserves its fragrance, when dried, longer than the rose.

— καὶ νέρον πενον ολιται.

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.

*Dryden.*

Ver. 46. Bion tells us, that the blood of Adonis gave birth to the rose. *Αίμα γόδοι τίχτει.*

Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers;  
From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,  
Cœrulean-bright anemones from those.

#### ODE LIV.

Ver. 5. Cybeba, or Cybele, seems to be the name of a female attendant, taken from Cybele, the mother of the gods.

#### ODE LV.

Ver. 3, 4. The Greek is *τιάρα*, *tiara*, an ornament for the head, like the modern turban. Addison quotes a passage from Dionysius, containing a description of the situation and manners of the Parthians, which he has thus translated:

Beyond the Caspian straits those realms extend,  
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.  
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,  
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.  
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,  
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:  
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,  
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.  
On every plain the whistling spear alarms,  
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;  
For there no food the little heroes taste,  
Till warlike sweat has earn'd the short repast.

#### ODE LVI.

We are indebted for this Ode to Henry Stephens. It is also extant in Stobæus, who acknowledges it to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 1, 2. Theocritus finally touches upon the progress which old age makes on the human body.

—απὸ κροταφῶν πελομεσθα  
Παύλες γηραλεοι, καὶ επισαχεῖσα εἰς γεννυν οὐπετ  
Δευκαίνων ὁ χρόνος.—

First from our temples age begins her race,  
Thence whitening time creeps softly o'er the face.

Creech.

Ver. 3.

—*fugit retro*  
*Levis juventus, et decor, aridâ*  
*Pellente lascivos amores*  
*Canitie, facilemque somnum.*

Hor. Book 2. Ode 14.

Behold our years ! how fast they fly ;  
Youth vanishes, and beauty fades ;  
Age drops her snow upon our heads,  
And drives sweet slumbers from our eye !

Duncombe.

Ver. 14. Catullus, speaking of Lesbia's sparrow,  
says,

*Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,*  
*Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam:*  
Death has summon'd it to go  
Pensive to the shades below :  
Dismal regions ! from whose bourne,  
Alas ! no travellers return.

See also Moschus on the death of Bion :

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise,  
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,  
In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore,  
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

#### ODE LVII.

Ver. 3. The ancients usually drank their wine mixed with water. Madame Dacier observes, that Hesiod prescribes three measures of water to one of wine, in summer.

Ver. 10. The Scythians were remarkable for their intemperance in drinking, and quarrelling over their cups.

#### ODE LVIII.

This little Ode is extant in the seventh book of the Anthologia, and ascribed to Julian, *αὐτὸς τῷ  
ὑπαρχού Αἰγυπτίῳ*, a king of Egypt, who wrote several other things with elegance. As its beauty has hitherto procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon, it was thought worthy to be retained in this translation.

#### ODE LIX.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this Ode at the beginning of the 23d Ode of the first Book, and the 5th of the second; but particularly in the 11th of the third.

*Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,  
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangit,  
Auptiarum expers, et adhuc proterve  
Cruda marito.*

She sports along the verdant plain  
Like a fleet filly, shuns the rein,  
Fears to be touch'd: nor yet will prove,  
Wild and untried, the pleasing pains of love.

*Duncombe.*

#### ODE LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the amours of Dosicles and Rodanthe, has preserved this Epithalamium; which, as Madame Dacier observes, is a sort of poem that used to be sung to a new-married couple on the morning after the ceremony.

Ver. 4. Dionysius of Halicarnassus calls marriage, Σωτηρίον τὰ γενέας, 'the preserver of mankind.'

Ver. 12. The Greek is, Μή σε φευγεῖν περδίκος αγοα, 'Lest the partridge should escape you ;' alluding to the coyness of a young bride.

Ver. 15. These four lines are taken from a translation of this poem, which appeared in 'the Student.'

Ver. 25. The Greek is, Κυπαρισστός πεφύκοι σεν ενι κηπω, 'May a cypress grow in your garden !' that is, 'May a child, as beautiful and as long lived as a cypress, crown your happiness.' Madame Dacier observes, this was a proverbial way of speaking.

#### ODE LXI.

The Vatican manuscript acknowledges this Ode to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this passage, Book 1. Ode 26, which is an argument for the authenticity of this Ode. See Ode 39th.

Let the winds that murmur, sweep  
All my sorrows to the deep.

Ver. 28. The poets calls the Phrygians, *faithless*, from their king Laomedon's deceiving Apollo and Neptune, of the reward he had promised them for building the walls of Troy ; and from his *de*frauding Hercules of his recompense ; who had delivered his daughter Hesione from being devoured by a sea-monster. *Madame Dacier.*

## ODE LXII.

This Ode has also the authority of the Vatican manuscript to claim Anacreon for its author.

Ver. 7, 8. Madame Dacier remarks, that the vines in Greece were so high as to form a commodious shade.

## ODE LXIII.

We owe the preservation of this fragment to Dion Chrysostom.

## ODE LXIV.

This fragment is cited by Athenæus. Barnes supposes it to have been written on the poetess Sappho; and, to confirm his opinion, produces the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax the Colophonian; the last of which, in his third elegy, says,

*Καὶ γὰρ τον ὁ μελιχρος, κ. τ. λ.*

For sweet Anacreon lov'd the Lesbian dame ;  
The muse-rapt maid inspir'd the brightest flame :  
And oft his native isle he wou'd resign  
For wit more brilliant, and for better wine.

Ver. 10. The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to Anacreon :

*Κεινον, ω χρυσοθροε Μυσ', εγισπες  
Τηνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας  
Ταιος χωρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως  
Πρεσθνις αγανος.*

Ye Muses, ever fair and young,  
 High seated on the golden throne,  
 Anacreon sent to me a song  
 In sweetest numbers, not his own;  
 For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,  
 The poet warbled what the Muse inspir'd.

## ODE LXV.

This and the five following Odes are not translated by Addison.

Some have imagined that this Ode was not written by Anacreon, because he himself is the subject of it: but Barnes endeavours to prove it genuine, from the ninth Ode and the sixty-sixth, in both which Anacreon makes mention of himself; and from the frequent liberties which the best poets have taken of mentioning themselves in their own compositions.

## ODE LXVI.

It is certain, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods: this is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the most entire of any that remain. See the note on the 16th verse of the ninth Ode.

## ODE LXVIII.

This is, as Madame Dacier remarks, an entire hymn, or part of one, composed in honour of Diana, in favour of some town situated on the river Lethe, which she supposes to be Magnesia, near Ephesus.

It was probably made on occasion of some battle in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

The poet entreats Diana to assist a people in distress, who depended only upon her protection.

## ODE LXIX.

The fourth epode of Horace has a great similitude to this Ode :

*Licet superbus ambules pecunia, &c.*

Though store of wealth you now possess,  
Condition changes not with dress.

' Shall he who tir'd the licitor's hand,  
Scourg'd by the magistrate's command,  
With corn a thousand acres load,  
With chariots wear the Appian road,  
And, in contempt of Otho, sit  
With the knight's order in the pit ?

*Duncombe.*

## NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

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### EPIGRAM I.

Ver. 2. Priam, speaking of the most valiant of his sons, says,

*Τοις μὲν απωλεστοῖς Αγνοεῖ—— Iliad B. 2. ver. 260.*

All those relentless Mars untimely slew,  
And left me these, a soft and servile crew.

*Pope.*

### EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 2. The Teians, after their expulsion from Ionia by Harpagus the general of Cyrus, sailed into Thrace, and settled in the city of Abdera; where they had not been long, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It seems to be in these conflicts that Anacreon lost those friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. See the first, second, and thirteenth.

### EPIGRAM III.

This Cleenorides (as Barnes observes) seems to have been cast away, in attempting a voyage from Abdera to his native country Teios, in the winter.

### EPIGRAM V.

Myron was the most celebrated artist of his time for casting statues in brass. Petronius, speaking of him, says, *Pene hominum animas ferarumque*

*aere comprehenderat* : ‘ He had almost found the art to enclose the souls of men and beasts in brass.’

Among the many epigrams, which have been composed on Myron’s cow, the following from Ausonius deserves commendation :

*Bucula sum, calo genitoris facta Myronis  
 Ærea ; nec factam me puto, sed genitam.  
 Sic me taurus init ; sic proxima bucula mugit ;  
 Sic ritulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.  
 Miraris quod fallo gregem ? gregis ipse magister  
 Inter pascentes me numerare solet.*

By Myron’s chisel I was form’d of brass ;  
 Not art, but nature, my great mother was.  
 Bulls court my love ; the heifers lowing stand ;  
 And thirsty calves my swelling teat demand.  
 Nor deem this strange—the herdsman oft has err’d,  
 And number’d me among the grazing herd.

#### EPIGRAM VI.

I found this Epigram, thus excellently translated, in a paltry edition of Anacreon in English, printed by Curi.

The following Epigram, on an excellent modern work, has expressed the same thought with the same simplicity.

#### ON CLARISSA.

This work is Nature’s, every tittle in’t  
 She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

#### EPIGRAM VIII.

Ver. 2. Pausanias, Eliac, l. 2, c. 13, mentions this mare of Phidola’s, and tells us she was named *Aura*, or ‘ Air ;’ and that she won the race herself, after her rider was thrown.

## EPIGRAM X.

Ver. 4. Anaxagoras, a native of Ægina, was a celebrated statuary. He flourished both before and after the expedition of Xerxes.

*Barnes.*

## EPIGRAM XI.

When the ancients escaped any imminent danger, it was usual for them to consecrate some memorial of it in the temples of their gods. Thus Horace, l. 1. Ode 5.

*Me tabula sacer, &c.*

For me, the sacred tablet shows,  
That I have hung my dripping clothes  
At Neptune's shrine——

*Duncombe.*

## EPIGRAM XII.

Ver. 3. The Athenian academy was not far distant from the Areopagus, in a grove without the city.

## EPIGRAM XIII.

Nothing among the ancient Greeks and Romans was esteemed a greater act of piety, than to fight for the good of the community; and they, who have greatly fallen in so righteous a cause, are embalmed with immortal honours. Tyrtæus wrote some noble poems on martial virtue. The following lines are translated from a fragment of his. Speaking of the hero that dares to die for his country, he says,

His fair renown shall never fade away,  
Nor shall the mention of his name decay,

Who glorious falls beneath the conqueror's hand,  
For his dear children, and his native land;  
Though to the dust his mortal part we give,  
His fame in triumph o'er the grave shall live.

*Anon.*

#### EPIGRAM XIV.

Addison quotes a passage from Shakspeare similar to this Epigram :

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Created with our needles both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition,  
Two lovely berries molded on one stem ;  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

#### EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ver. 1. The ancients esteemed Mercury the general protector of learning ; and therefore usually placed his statue in their libraries, and in the porticoes before their public schools and academies.

*Addison.*

#### EPIGRAM XIX.

This Epigram (notwithstanding what Barnes says to the contrary) is thought not to be Anacreon's ; the mention of Sophocles being too repugnant to chronology, to admit it for genuine.

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
SAPPHO.

---

Mark, muse! the conscious shade and vocal grove,  
Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,  
While echo each harmonious strain return'd,  
And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.  
*Progress of Poetry.*



THE  
LIFE OF SAPPHO.

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SAPPHO was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. Who was her father is uncertain, there being no less than eight persons who have contended for that honour; but it is universally acknowledged that Cleis was her mother. She flourished, according to Suidas, in the 42d Olympiad; according to Eusebius, in the 44th Olympiad, about 600 years before our Saviour Christ. She was contemporary with Pittacus, the famous tyrant of Mitylene, and the two celebrated poets, Stesichorus and Alcæus. Barnes has endeavoured to prove, from the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax, that Anacreon was one of her lovers; but this amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical fiction.

She married one Cercolas, a man of great wealth and power, in the island of Andros, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis. He leaving her a widow very young, she renounced all

thoughts of a second marriage, but not the pleasures of love ; not enduring to confine that passion to one person, which, as the ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrained even to one sex.

But no one seems to have been the object of her admiration so much as the accomplished Phaon, a young man of Lesbos ; who is said to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the stream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the most beautiful man in the world. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, that she composed her ' Hymn to Venus.'

Her poem was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate ; and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion, that she resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea : for it was an established opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately be cured of their former passion. Sappho tried the remedy ; but perished in the experiment. The original of this unac-

countable humour is not known. Ovid represents Sappho as advised to undertake this strange project by the vision of a sea-nymph, of which she sent the following account to the cruel Phaon :

*Hic ego cum lassos, &c.*

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood;  
She stood and cried, ' O you that love in vain!  
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main :  
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;  
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,  
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !'  
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,  
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove:  
How much I fear, but, ah ! how much I love !  
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;  
Let female fears submit to female fires.  
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
And softly lay me on the waves below !  
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane.

*Pope.*

}

The Romans erected a most noble statue of porphyry to her memory: and the Mitylenians, to express their sense of her worth, and the glory they received from her being born amongst them, paid her sovereign honours after her death, and coined money with her head for the impress.

The best idea we can have of her person, is from her own description of it in Ovid:

*Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.*

To me what nature has in charms denied,  
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supplied.  
Though short my stature, yet my name extends  
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame  
Inspir'd young Persets with a generous flame ;  
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,  
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.  
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
By none, alas ! by none thou canst be mov'd,  
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd.

*Pope.*

To give the English reader a true notion what opinion the ancients entertained of her works, would be to collect a volume in her praise. She was honoured with the glorious title of ' the tenth Muse.' Horace says,

*Spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Æolia fidibus puellæ.*

*Lib. iv. Ode 9.*

Enchanting Sappho's lyric muse  
In every breast must love infuse ;  
Love breathes on every tender string,  
And still in melting notes we hear her sing.

*Duncombe.*

On the revival of learning, men of the most refined taste accounted the loss of her writings inestimable, and collected the sacred relics with the utmost assiduity: though Mr. Addison (in the Spectator, No. 223) judiciously observes: ' I do

not know, by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.'

Vossius, in the third book of his *Institutiones Poeticæ*, says, that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho in sweetness of verse ; and that she made Archilochus the model of her style, but at the same time took great care to soften and temper the severity of his expression.

Hoffman, in his Lexicon, says, ' Some authors are of opinion, that the clegy which Ovid made under the name of Sappho, and which is infinitely superior to his other Elegies, was all, or at least the most beautiful part of it, stolen from the poems of the elegant Sappho.'

She was the inventress of that kind of verse, which (from her name) is called the Sapphic. She wrote nine books of Odes, besides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambics, Monodies, and other pieces ; of which we have nothing remaining entire, but an Hymn to Venus, an Ode preserved by Longinus (which, however, the learned acknowledge to be imperfect), two Epigrams, and some other little Fragments. I shall conclude my account of this celebrated lady in the words of Mr. Addison, taken from the above-mentioned Spectator. ' Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that

extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry : she felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse ; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame.'

# ODES.

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## ODE I.

### AN HYMN TO VENUS.

VENUS, bright goddess of the skies,  
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,  
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts  
Delude fond lovers of their hearts ;  
O ! listen gracious to my prayer,  
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,  
Propitious goddess, hear me now !  
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,  
By Cupid's kindly aid prefer'd,  
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,  
To listen to my tales of love.

10

The radiant car your sparrows drew ;  
You gave the word, and swift they flew ;  
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quivering pinions play ;  
To my plain roof they bore their queen,  
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

L

Soon as you came, by your command,  
 Back flew the wanton feather'd band ;  
 Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,  
 Divinely smiling, thus you spoke :  
 ' Why didst thou call me to thy cell ?  
 Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

' What healing medicine shall I find,  
 To cure thy love-distemper'd mind ?  
 Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,  
 To win young Phaon to thy arms ?  
 Or does some other swain subdue  
 Thy heart ? my Sappho, tell me who ?

' Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,  
 He soon shall view thee with delight ;  
 Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,  
 He soon to thee shall offerings make ;  
 Though now thy beauties fail to move,  
 He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus ! hear my prayer,  
 And ease my mind of anxious care ;  
 Again vouchsafe to be my guest,  
 And calm this tempest in my breast !  
 To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire ;  
 O grant me all my heart's desire !

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## ODE II.

*Whatever might have been the occasion of this Ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress.*

Addison, (Spectator, No. 229.)

MORE happy than the gods is he  
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee ;  
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,  
His eyes thy sweetly-dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas ! alarm'd my breast,  
And robb'd me of my golden rest :  
While gazing on thy charms I hung,  
My voice djed faltering on my tongue.

With subtle flames my bosom glows,  
Qnick through each vein the poison flows : 10  
Dark, dimming mists my eyes surround ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,  
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize,  
And, losing colour, sense, and breath,  
I seem quite languishing in death.

## NOTES ON THE ODES.

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### ODE I.

We are indebted for this Hymn to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as a pattern of perfection. Madame Dacier supposes it to be entirely historical; and that it was written after Phaon, her inconstant lover, had withdrawn himself from the island of Lesbos to Sicily, in order to avoid the importunities of an amorous mistress. It was in Sicily, therefore, and on the above-mentioned occasion, that she is supposed to have made this Hymn.

Ver. 13. Sappho says, the chariot of Venus was drawn by sparrows, because they are of all birds the most amorous.

Ver. 20. There is something very pretty in this circumstance, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her.

*Madame Dacier.*

## ODE II.

This beautiful Ode is preserved by Longinus, in his treatise of the Sublime.

Ver. 1. There is an epigram in the Anthologia, which seems to be an imitation of this stanza.

Ἐνδαιμων ὁ βλεπον σε, τρισθλιος ὅτις ακουει,  
Ημιθεος δ' ὁφι λαν, αθανατος δ' ὁ συγκινει.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,  
But bless'd is he who hears thy voice,  
A demigod who shall thee kiss,  
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

Longinus has observed, that ' this description of love in Sappho, is an exact copy of nature; and that all the circumstances, which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love. He further says, ' Sappho, having observed the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them all with the most lively exactness.' And Dr. Pierce judiciously observes, that ' in this Ode she endeavours to express that wrath, jealousy, and anguish, which distracted her with such a variety of torture. And, therefore, in the following verses of Boileau's translation, the true sense is mistaken :

— *dans les doux transports, où s'égare mon ame.*

And,

— *je tombe en des douces langueurs.*

' As the word *doux* will by no means express the rage and distraction of Sappho's mind; it being

always used in a contrary sense.' There are two lines in Philips's translation of this Ode, which are liable to the same objection :

For while I gaz'd in transport toss'd.

And,

My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd.

Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator*, on this Ode, relates the following remarkable circumstance from Plutarch: 'That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Eastratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress.'

Madame Dacier says, that this Ode of Sappho is preserved entire in *Louginus*; whereas, whoever looks into that author's quotation of it, will find, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

## FRAGMENTS.

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### *FRAGMENT I.*

THE Pleiads now no more are seen,  
Nor shines the silver moon serene,  
In dark and dismal clouds o'ercast ;  
The love-appointed hour is past :  
Midnight usurps her sable throne,  
And yet, alas ! I lie alone.

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### *FRAGMENT II.*

THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED TO AN ARROGANT UNLETTERED LADY, VAIN OF HER BEAUTY AND RICHES.

WHENE'ER the Fates resume thy breath,  
No bright reversion shalt thou gain ;  
Unnotic'd shalt thou sink in death,  
Nor ev'n thy memory remain :  
For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,  
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.

To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,  
 The stern, inexorable king,  
 Among the ignoble shades below  
 A vain, ignoble thing ;  
 While honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name  
 Shall flourish in eternity of fame.

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## FRAGMENT III.

## TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of smiles and love,  
 Quit, O ! quit the skies above ;  
 To my lowly roof descend,  
 At the mirthful feast attend ;  
 Hand the golden goblet round,  
 With delicious nectar crown'd :  
 Nene but joyous friends you'll see,  
 Friends of Venus, and of me.

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## FRAGMENT IV.

CEASE, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof,  
 My hands no more can ply the curious woof,  
 While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,  
 And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.

## FRAGMENT V.

## ON THE ROSE.

WOULD Jove appoint some flower to reign  
In matchless beauty on the plain,  
The rose, (mankind will all agree)  
The rose the queen of flowers should be,  
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,  
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers :  
Its beauties charm the gods above ;  
Its fragrance is the breath of love ;  
Its foliage wantons in the air  
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair :  
It shines in blooming splendour gay,  
While zephyrs on its bosom play.

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*The following is Part of an Ode which Sappho is supposed to have written to Anacreon—See the Notes on the 64th Ode of Anacreon.*

YE muses, ever fair and young,  
High-seated on the golden throne,  
Anacreon sent to me a song  
In sweetest numbers, not his own ;  
For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,  
The poet warbled what the muse inspir'd.

## EPIGRAMS.

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### *EPIGRAM I.*

MENISCUS, mourning for his hapless son,  
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,  
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,  
The badges of a painful life and poor.

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### *EPIGRAM II.*

THE much-lov'd Timar lodges in this tomb,  
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom ;  
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led  
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.  
Her lov'd companions pay the rites of woe,  
All, all, alas ! the living can bestow :  
From their fair heads the graceful curls they shear,  
Place on her tomb, and drop the tender tear.

## NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

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### FRAGMENT I.

Ver. 6. A shepherd in the Idyllium intituled ΟΑΡΙΣΤΥΣ (which is generally ascribed to Theocritus, but by Daniel Heinsius is attributed to Moschus) wishes a city-girl, who had slighted him, the punishment of living and dying an old maid.

— may you ne'er find one  
Worthy your love in country or in town,  
But, to a virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lie alone!

*Howles.*

### FRAGMENT II.

Sappho is not the only good writer, who, from a due sense of the excellence of their works, have promised themselves immortality. Virgil has expressed himself in the same manner at the beginning of the third Georgic:—Horace, in several places, particularly in the ode *Exegi Monumentum*:—But Ovid, in the strongest terms,

*· Jamque opus exegi, &c.*

I've now compil'd a work, which nor the rage  
Of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age,  
Is able to destroy—

Ver. 5. Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia,

dedicated to the Muses. By this expression, Sappho seems to hint, that the lady who furnished the occasion of this satire, was not conversant in the politer studies, nor acquainted with the Muses.

#### FRAGMENT III.

This fragment should be joined with the fourth Ode of Anacreon; for as Sappho desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon appoints Cupid the same office :

In decent robe, behind him bound,  
Cupid shall serve the goblet round.

#### FRAGMENT IV.

Hephæstion produces this Fragment from the seventh book of Sappho's Odes. Horace seems to have had it in view, Book 3. Ode 12.

*Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales,  
Tibi telas, operosaque Minervæ  
Studium aufert, Neubule, Liparei nitor Hebri.*

The winged boy, in wanton play,  
Thy work and basket steals away :  
Thy web and Pallas' curions toils  
Are now become fair Hebrus' spoils.

*Duncombe.*

#### FRAGMENT V.

We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this Fragment, which is generally ascribed to Sappho. In the beginning of the second book of that romancer, Clitophon tells us, his mistress sung this eulogy on the rose at an entertainment. If the reader turns back to the fifth and fifty-third Odes of Anacreon, he will find other encomiums on this beautiful flower.

## NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

## EPIGRAM I.

Longepierre observes, that it was usual among the ancients to place on the tombs of their friends the instruments peculiar to the art or mystery which they exercised when alive. Of this we have examples in Homer and Virgil. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 75, Elpenor makes this request to Ulysses in hell :

*Σημα τε μοι χεινι, &c.*

A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,  
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,  
To show posterity Elpenor was:  
There high in air, memorial of my name,  
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

*Broome.*

In the beginning of the twelfth book we find the suit was granted :

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,  
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;  
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,  
And high above it rose the tapering oar. *Pope.*

In the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, ver. 232, *Aeneas* places on the tomb of *Misenus*,

— *suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque.*

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,  
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb!  
The towering top his well-known ensigns bore,  
His arms, his once-lov'd trump, and tapering oar.

*Pitt.*

These sorts of epitaphs were more general, concise, and instructive, than those which afterwards prevailed. *Longepierre.*

Madame Dacier also observes, that emblems of the humours of the deceased were sometimes placed on their monuments, as in this epigram on a woman named Myro :

O'er Myro see the emblems of her soul,  
A whip, a bow, a goose, a dog, an owl.

The whip denoted, that she used to chastise her servants ; the bow, that her mind was always bent on the care of her family ; the goose, that she loved to stay at home ; the dog, that she was fond of her children ; and the owl, that she was assiduous in spinning and tapestry ; which were the works of Pallas, to whom the owl was consecrated.

*Dacier.*

At the Earl of Holderness's, at Aske in Yorkshire, is an old picture, with a device which seems to be borrowed from this. It is supposed to be drawn by Hans Holbein, and represents a woman (said to be Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper) standing on a tortoise, with a bunch of keys by her side, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. Under it is this inscription :

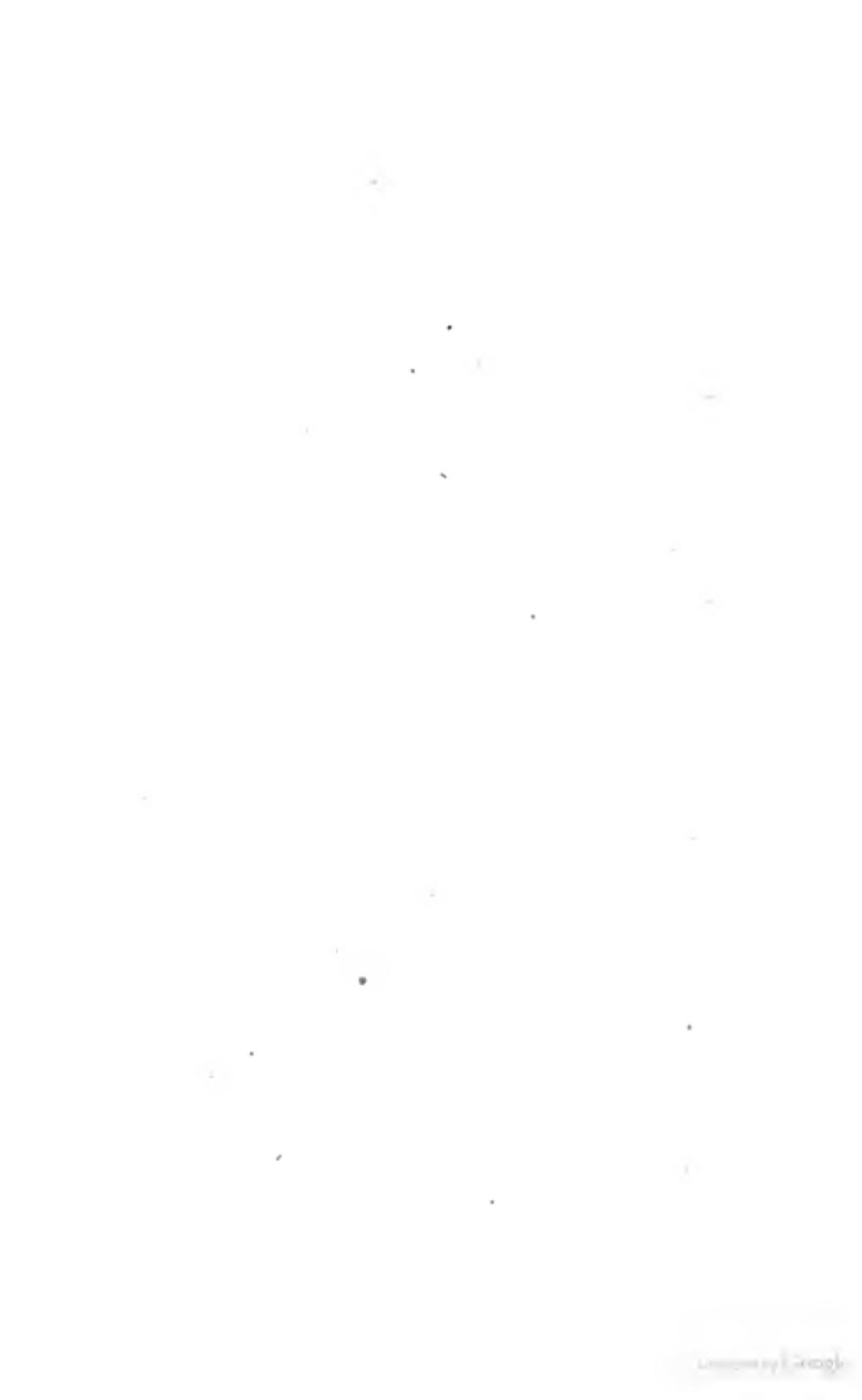
*Uxor amet, sileat, servet, nec ubique vagetur;  
Hoc testudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.*

Which has been thus translated :

Be frugal, ye wives, live in silence and love,  
Nor abroad ever gossip and roam :  
This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,  
And tortoise, still dwelling at home!

#### EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 7. The ceremony of cutting off the hair among the ancients, in honour of the dead, was a token of a violent affection. Thus Achilles, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, offers his to Patroclus : and the little Cupids tear their hair for grief at the death of Adonis. See *Bion*. Herodotus tells us, that Mardonius cut off his, after his defeat. Many more instances of this extraordinary custom might be produced ; but these will, probably, be thought sufficient. I shall finish my observations on this excellent poetess, with an ingenious surmise in regard to the above-mentioned ceremony : it was practised, perhaps, not only in token of sorrow, but might also have a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
MUSÆUS.

M



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politest scholars for many ages: and though Mr. Waller, and several other writers of the finest taste, have conjectured it to be one of the stories

Which old Musæus so divinely sung,

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a later author, a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century.

Nor let the English reader look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently used as such. The profession styled by the ancients *Γραμματικη*, was the same with the *belles lettres* among the moderns: and the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to those who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The first English translation of the following poem appeared in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has since that time been frequently attempted; but with what success, is left to the judgment of others.

THE  
LOVES  
OR  
*HERO AND LEANDER.*

---

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,  
Leander wo'd the Thracian maid ;  
Through foaming seas his passion bore,  
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.

The conscious virgin, from the sea-girt tower,  
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.

*Dodsley's Miscell.*

---

SING, muse ! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray  
Led the bold lover through the watry way,  
To share those joys which mutual faith hath seal'd,  
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd,  
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim  
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.  
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide !  
Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide !  
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,  
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright : 10  
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,  
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid :  
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,  
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,  
To blaze for ever, 'midst the stars above,  
And style it—gentle harbinger of love :  
For sure on earth it shone supremely kind,  
To soothe the anguish of the love-sick mind,

Till cloth'd in terrors rose the wintry blast,  
Impetuous howling o'er the watry waste : 20  
And, O ! inspire me, goddess, to resound  
The torch extinguish'd, and the lover drown'd.

Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood,  
Two neighbouring towns, divided by the flood :  
Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,  
And gain'd two conquests with a single dart :  
On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd,  
A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid :  
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name ;  
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came : 30  
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,  
Each was the radiant star of either shore.

Thou, whom the Fates commission here to stray,  
Awhile the turret's eminence survey ;  
Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide  
Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide ;  
The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn straight  
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.  
Say, heavenly muse, had Hero charms to move,  
And melt the Abydinian into love ? 40  
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,  
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd ?

Fair Hero, priestess to the' Idalian queen,  
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,  
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood  
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood :  
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,  
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main ;  
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew  
Far from the follies of the female crew : 50  
Bless'd in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight  
Of daily visits, and the dance at night ;

Content in sweet tranquillity to screen  
 Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen :  
 For where superior beauty shines confess'd,  
 It kindles envy in each female breast.  
 To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,  
 Oft pour'd libations to the god of love ;  
 Taught by the example of the heavenly dame,  
 To dread those arrows that were tipp'd with flame.  
 Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer ;  
 Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair. 62

For now the sacred festival appear'd,  
 By pious Sestians annually rever'd,  
 At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,  
 And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.

Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,  
 The day to reverence, and the feast to share.  
 From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,  
 And high Hæmonia, hasten the youthful train ; 70  
 Not one remain'd of all the female race,  
 Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace ;  
 Afar from spicy Libanus advance  
 The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance ;  
 From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,  
 And all Abydos celebrates the day.  
 To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,  
 All that admire the gay, the young, the fair ;  
 For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,  
 Joy at the news, and follow with delight ; 80  
 Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,  
 Or offer incense at some sacred shrine ;  
 Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,  
 Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,  
 Her face a soften'd dignity display'd ;

Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,  
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.  
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermillion shed,  
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red : 90.  
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,  
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose :  
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle dress'd,  
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,  
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast. }  
The ancient sages made a false decree,  
Who said, the Graces were no more than three ;  
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,  
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.  
Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove 100  
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.  
Thus as she shone superior to the rest,  
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,  
Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,  
The earthly priestess match'd the heavenly queen.  
The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,  
And every bosom kindles with desire ;  
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,  
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms ;  
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,  
They sigh, and send their souls at every view. 111  
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,  
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast :  
‘ I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld  
Young maids contending in the listed field ;  
Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize  
Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes ;  
Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,  
Such beauty blended with such graceful air :  
Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race) 120  
Beneath the priestess Venus hides a grace.

My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,  
But my fond fancy ever could admire.  
O ! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,  
Though fate that instant strike the lover dead :  
Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,  
I on the gods will look superior down.  
Should you this boon deny, O queen ! decree,  
To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she !

Thus spoke the general voice ; the train apart  
Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.

But when Leander saw the blooming fair, 133

Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair ;

Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,

He sought occasion to reveal his love ;

The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,

Or perish for those joys he could not gain.

Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire,

Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.

Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart, 140

With piercing anguish stings the unguarded heart :

For on the eye the wound is first impress'd,

Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.

Now hope and confidence invade his soul ;

Then fear and shame alternately controul :

Fear through his bosom thrill'd ; a conscious shame

Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame :

Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze ;

Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.

With step ambiguous, and affected air, 150

The youth advancing fac'd the charming fair :

Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,

Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart ;

With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,

And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.

Soon as she saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,  
 Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd ;  
 Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,  
 Sweetly vermillion'd with the rosy grace ;  
 Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,      160  
 She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.  
 Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,  
 To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.

Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,  
 Down to the west declin'd the solar ray :  
 And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,  
 In shadowy silence leading on the night.  
 Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,  
 The embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid,

Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently press'd,      170  
 And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast.  
 Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd displeas'd,  
 And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd :  
 The youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled wiles,  
 A heart just yielding by consenting smiles ;  
 Then to the temple's last recess convey'd  
 The reluctant, unresisting maid :  
 Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,  
 But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.

She feign'd resentment with an angry look,      180  
 And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke :

‘ Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy brain,  
 To drag me thus along the sacred fane ?  
 Go—to your native habitation go—  
 ’Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so.  
 Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,  
 Lest their just vengeance you repent too late :  
 If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,  
 In her own fane soliciting a maid :

Hence speed your flight; and Venus' anger dread;  
'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed.' 191

Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,  
And show'd her anger, and her fondness too.  
The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,  
Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd :  
For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,  
And chidings are the harbingers of love.  
He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast :  
And thus the transport of his soul express'd : 199.

' O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen  
The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!  
For sure no virgin of terrestrial race  
Can vie with Hero in the blooms of face :  
I deem your lineage from the gods above,  
And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.  
Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,  
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,  
Bless'd, doubly bless'd, the fruitful womb that bore  
This heavenly form for mortals to adore.

' Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,  
And to my wishes prove as kind as fair : 211  
As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,  
Nor shun the gentle offices of love.  
O let us, while the happy hour invites,  
Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.  
No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane ;  
Her eyes delight not in the virgin-train.  
But would fair Hero secret rites explore,  
The laws of Venus, and her pleasing lore,  
Those rites are practis'd in the bridal bed, 220  
And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led :  
Then as you fear the goddess to offend,  
In me behold your husband and your friend,

Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest god above,  
 To teach you all the mysteries of love :  
 As winged Mercury, with golden wand,  
 Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,  
 To every task of Omphale submit ;  
 Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,  
 Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate 230  
 The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate ;  
 Who from the' embraces of Milanion fled,  
 Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed :  
 But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn  
 With equal flame, and languish in her turn.  
 O let example warn you to revere  
 The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear !'

Thus spoke the youth—his magic words controul  
 Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.  
 Silent she stood, and, rapt in thought profound,  
 Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground :  
 Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes dress'd, 242  
 And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest :  
 On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,  
 Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.  
 By secret signs a yielding mind is meant ;  
 And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.

Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart  
 Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart ;  
 Leander's form, instilling soft desire, 250  
 Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire,  
 While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight, }  
 Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,  
 Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white. }  
 At length her face with lovely blushes spread  
 She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said :  
 ' Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey,  
 With soft compassion rocks would melt away.

Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art  
 To pour delightful ruin on the heart? 260  
 Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore  
 My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?  
 Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:  
 How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?  
 Should I in public give to thee my hand,  
 My parents would forbid the nuptial band;  
 And should'st thou here in close concealment stay,  
 Our secret passion would itself betray:  
 For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame  
 The deed of silence would aloud proclaim. 270  
 But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;  
 For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.  
 In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,  
 And all the roaring Hellespont commands,  
 With one attending damsel I remain;  
 For so my parents and the fates ordain!  
 No nymphs coeval to sweet music's sound  
 Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the ground;  
 But stormy winds eternal discord keep,  
 And blustering bellow through the boundless  
 deep.' 280

Thus spoke the priestess; and with modest grace,  
 Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face:  
 For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung,  
 Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,  
 Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire:  
 But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms;  
 How shall he gain admittance to her charms?  
 Nor long he paus'd, for love in wiles abounds,  
 Well pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds;  
 'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods control,  
 That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul:

Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast,  
The nymph with artful eloquence address'd :

‘ For thee, dear object of my fond desire,  
I'll cross the ocean though it flame with fire :  
Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms,  
While every billow bore me to thy arms ;  
Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,  
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in  
vain : ’

300

But oft as night her sable pinions spread,  
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed :  
For rich Abydos is the home I boast,  
Not far divided from the Thracian coast.

Let but my fair a kindly torch display,  
From the high turret to direct my way ;  
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide  
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,  
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide :  
And while I view the genial blaze afar,      }  
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,  
Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain  
That never bathes his brightness in the main :  
Thy star, more eminently bright than they,  
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.

310

But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair !  
My only safety, be thy only care ;  
Guard well its light when wintry tempests roar,  
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,  
Lest the dire storms that blacken all the sky,      }  
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.

More wouldst thou know ? Leander is my name,  
The happiest husband of the fairest dame.’

‘ Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ  
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy ;

Her task, secure the' extended torch to keep,  
And his, to cross the' unfathomable deep :  
On promis'd bliss their fruitful fancies fed,  
Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed ;  
Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd, 330  
Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd.

Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,  
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide, }  
Then sought Abydos cross the sounding tide. }

What now but amorous scenes their thoughts employ,

Confus'd ideas of the genial joy ?

Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light ;

Slow noon came on—the lovers wish'd it night.

At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread ;

Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed. 340

All but Leander lay dissolv'd in rest,

Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.

Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,

The deep resounded with tremendous roar :

Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight

Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light :

He little deem'd, alas ! its flame would prove

The blaze of death, though meant the torch of love.

Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd

The' horizon darken'd in the sable shade, 350

The torch on high she fix'd : its flames inspire

Leander's bosom with the kindred fire :

Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,

And with the glowing signal glow'd the' enamour'd man.

But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar

Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,

Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd

These words of courage to his trembling breast :

‘ Ah cruel love ! whose woe the waves conspire !  
 The waves are water, but I burn with fire :  
 Be bold my heart, the foaming billows brave,  
 Nor fear the threatenings of the wintry wave.  
 Fair Venus rose propitious from the main ;  
 She calms the ocean’s rage, and soothes the lover’s  
 pain.’

He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress’d,  
 And folded round his head the various vest ;  
 Then, dauntless, plunging in the foaming tide,  
 Dash’d with his arms the’ intruding waves aside :  
 Full in his view he kept the shining mark,  
 Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark. 370  
 While faithful Hero, to her promise true,  
 Watch’d on the turret every wind that blew ;  
 Oft with her robe she screen’d the torch’s blaze  
 From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways ;  
 Till the tir’d youth, on rolling surges toss’d,  
 Securely landed on the Sestian coast.  
 Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,  
 Eager she ran, and led him to her tower ;  
 Welcom’d with open arms her panting guest,  
 And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom press’d : 380  
 Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,  
 Still wet and weary to the genial bed,  
 Wip’d his fair limbs, and fragrant oils applied,  
 To cleanse his body from the oozy tide ;  
 Then clasp’d him close, still panting, to her breast,  
 And thus with fond endearing words address’d :  
 ‘ My life, my lover, thou hast suffer’d more  
 Than fondest bridegroom e’er endur’d before :  
 Destin’d, alas ! dread trouble to sustain  
 On the rough bosom of the briny main ; 390  
 Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow’s place,  
 And lull thy labours in my warm embrace.’

She spoke : He loos'd her virgin zone to prove  
 The sacred rites and mysteries of love.  
 No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials crown'd,  
 Nor tuneful hymn's congratulating sound :  
 No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer,  
 To smile propitious on the wedded pair :  
 No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,  
 Bright torch of love to grace the bridal bed ! 400  
 No 10 Pæans musically rung ;  
 No greeting parents Hymeneals sung :  
 But all was gloom, and silence all around,  
 Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.  
 Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,  
 They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd ;  
 In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,  
 In raptures never usher'd to the day :  
 Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,  
 Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.  
 Thus Hero liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd, 411  
 Each night a woman, and each day a maid.  
 Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,  
 And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night  
 They pass'd in ecstacies of full delight :  
 But soon, alas ! those dear-bought pleasures fled,  
 And short the transports of that bridal bed !

For now relentless winter, that deforms  
 With frost the forest, and the sea with storms, 400  
 Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,  
 And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main ;  
 The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,  
 Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,  
 Rouse from their beds the scatter'd storms that sleep  
 In the dark caverns of the dreary deep :

The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,  
Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,  
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.

But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,  
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main. 431

For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,  
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)

Thee not the furious tempest could control,  
Nor calm the glowing raptures of the soul.

Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky  
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter  
nigh,

Without her lover should have pass'd the night,  
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light;

But she, ah hapless ! burns with fond desire, 440  
'Tis love inflames her while the fates conspire :

The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,  
No more the gentle harbinger of love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd  
The winds tempestuous o'er the wat'ry world ;

The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,  
And dash the foaming billows on the shore :

Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,  
Glow's with remembrance of the bridal bed ;

And while fierce tempests howl on every side,  
Float on the bosom of the briny tide, 450

Waves roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,  
Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven :

Bleak blasts, loud roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,  
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep ;

From every part the blustering terrors fly,  
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky ;

The growling thunder of the vast profound  
The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.

Amidst the wat'ry war, with toils oppress'd, 460  
 O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,  
 Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd  
 The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord :  
 Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,  
 Nor was unmindful of the' Athenian maid ;  
 But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain ;  
 Love must submit to what the fates ordain.

From wave to wave the hapless youth is toss'd,  
 Now heav'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost ;  
 His wearied feet no more his will obey, 470  
 His arms hang useless, and forget to play.

Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath,  
 He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.  
 Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,  
 Extinct at once' the flame, and lover's fires, }  
 Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires. }

While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,  
 And, fondly sighing, chid his long delay,  
 Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,  
 Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose. 480

Now rose the morn, in russet vest array'd,  
 Still from the' impatient fair the lover stay'd :  
 Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around  
 O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,  
 Haply to spy her lover should he stray,  
 The light extinguish'd midst the wat'ry way :  
 But when she saw him breathless on the sand,  
 Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by death's relentless hand,  
 She shriek'd aloud ; and from her throbbing breast  
 Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest ; 490  
 Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,  
 And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last :  
 Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide,  
 They liv'd united, and united died.

## NOTES

ON

### *HERO AND LEANDER.*

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Ver. 25. Abydos was a city of Asia situated on the Hellespont, over-against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places: but they are manifestly mistaken; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles further, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over, and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abydos or Avido. Pliny and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven stadia, or furlongs.

Ver. 60. In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of Cupid, that

His darts and arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

Ver. 144. Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus, *Æneid*, book xii. ver. 666.

— *astuat ingens*

*Ino in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,  
Et furii agitatus antor, et conscientia virtus.*

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,  
He stood, he gaz'd, his bosom swell'd with grief ;  
Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,  
At once set all the hero in a flame. Pitt.

Ver. 383. Thus in the third book of the *Odyssey*, *Polycaste*, the daughter of *Nestor*, bathes and anoints *Telemachus* :

Sweet *Polycaste* took the pleasing toil  
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. *Broome* remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men, frequently occurs in the *Odyssey*: neither is this done by women of inferior quality; but we have here a young princess bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked *Telemachus*.

Ver. 494. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

*2 Sam. chap. i. ver. 23.*

FINIS.

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